

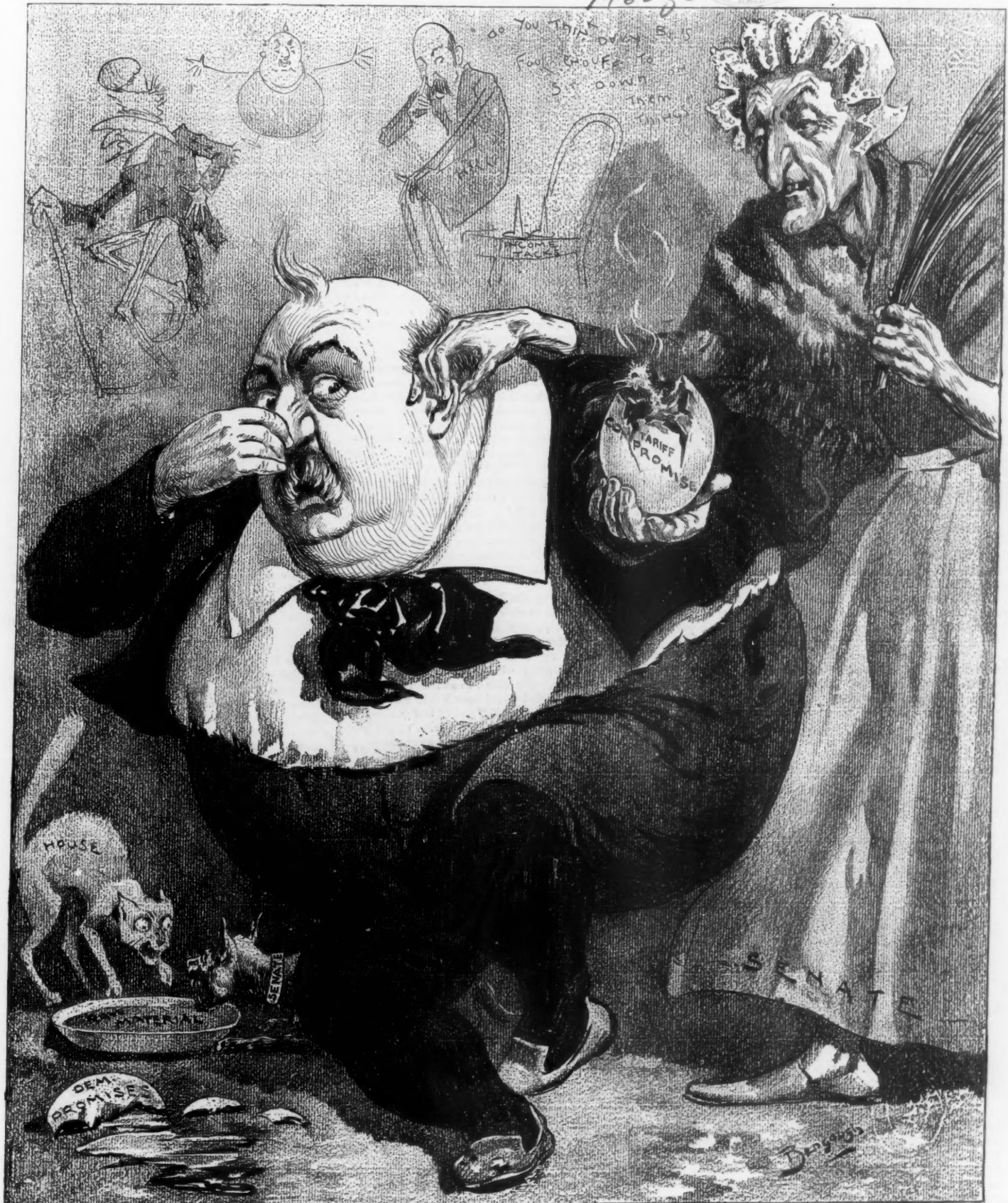
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. XIII.—No. 19.
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NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1894.

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PETER FENELON COLLIER,

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the advertisement in ONCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

ANDREW D. WHITE has resigned the Russian mission and Clifton R. Breckinridge of Arkansas, it is thought, is to succeed him. Mr. Cleveland had little trouble in finding Mr. White's successor. Even the least desirable foreign mission, with the least adequate salary, is always in demand. An American Ambassador has the key to the Court circles all over Europe; and that means social advantages for which many a wealthy man would give a good slice of his fortune. But the new appointee, whoever he may be, will probably not hold his post very long. No one of our Ministers to Russia has filled out his term.

THERE is no good reason given for the belief that the Russian mission is "unlucky"; unless it be that the Russian climate is not suited to the American system. But certainly the post at St. Petersburg has achieved the reputation of being the least desirable of the foreign offices. It was for many years a Pennsylvania perquisite. Simon Cameron held the position for a very brief time. So did the old war Governor of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin. William Wilkens, who succeeded James Buchanan at St. Petersburg, was also a Pennsylvanian. Finally, the predecessor of Mr. White was Charles Emory Smith, of the Philadelphia Press. Mr. Smith did not remain at the Russian capital long. He found the climate disagreeable and the sanitary condition of the city of St. Petersburg unhealthy. His resignation rounded out the record of our Ministers to Russia, every one of whom has either died at his post or resigned. Mr. White will only follow the invariable custom of his predecessors by returning to America.

THE Russian mission was a source of good fortune to at least one of the men who filled it—Marshall Jewell of Connecticut. Mr. Jewell was sent to Russia in 1873. He distinguished himself openly by negotiating a trademark convention; but secretly he did still more for his country and for himself. By some means (it is said by bribing a servant) he obtained possession of the formula for the secret process of tanning by which the famous "Russian leather" was produced. He returned to the United States in 1874 to become Postmaster-General; but he also engaged in the manufacture of a domestic "Russian leather," out of which he made a large fortune. He founded the large and important "Russian leather" industry in the United States.

ANOTHER representative of the United States who was recalled from St. Petersburg was the hero of a famous scandal at the Court of the Czar. This gentleman, shortly after his arrival at the Russian capital, took to one of the Court balls a beautiful American woman. He had been unable to obtain a regular invitation for her; so he rashly presented her as his wife. One of the Grand Dukes present knew the beautiful American; in fact, so the romantic story has it, he had once been snubbed by her. He found revenge in telling every one he met that the woman was not the American Minister's wife. When the woman returned to her hotel, she was escorted to the Russian frontier by a company

of Cossacks and warned never to return. The Secretary of State at Washington was notified, and shortly afterward the American Minister returned to the United States, alleging that the climate of St. Petersburg did not agree with him.

No, Mr. Lawless, you have not made "a mountain out of a molehill," or your letter would not be published: "TO THE EDITOR OF 'ONCE A WEEK':"

"DEAR SIR—I take the liberty of accepting your invitation to have my horoscope read. I am an extensive subscriber to American and foreign periodicals, and I like my ONCE A WEEK quite as well as any. There are, however, occasions when I feel like 'kicking,' and your recent issue containing the cartoon 'Uncle Sam's new shirt' is one such occasion. I think the dignity of his office should protect the President of the United States (no matter who he may be, or with which party he affiliates) from the onslaught of the cartoonist of a first-class paper; such work should be left to the comic weeklies. If you feel that you should, at times, tickle the 'risibles' of your readers, you might do so, and I know you can do so without 'making sport' at the expense of the Chief of the greatest government that exists in the world. I hope you will not think I have made a 'mountain out of a molehill.' I have sufficient good Irish blood in me to see the point of and appreciate a good joke; but the cartoon in question offended me even more grossly than some of Labouchere's 'puns.'"

"With my best wishes for the continued prosperity of ONCE A WEEK, and assuring you of my esteem for its brilliant editor, I am, sir, Very truly yours,
JAMES CONDON LAWLESS,
1941 Mervine Street, Philadelphia, Aug. 5, 1894.

ONCE A WEEK allows all sides to be heard fairly in its columns, even against the policy that may be adopted by the paper. No good cause suffers by hearing both sides. But our intelligent subscriber, Mr. Lawless, is quite mistaken in characterizing Mr. Bengough's late cartoon as an onslaught on the President. It is only hitting folly as it flies, and President Cleveland is great enough to enjoy the point. In the same vein is the cartoon of Bengough in the present issue of ONCE A WEEK about the compromise egg. Let me tell you, Mr. Lawless, that the American people are heartily sick of this eternal deliberation over the tariff, and the American people have no love for compromises.

EMINENT astronomers have been watching with much interest certain unusual phenomena in the planet Mars during the past week. It is the general belief that the inhabitants of Mars are signaling the earth. Perhaps they are asking us to make less noise down here. I second Mars's motion, if that is it. Shouldn't wonder if they objected to this eternal tariff row.

TIMES are ticklish, indeed, when the President of the United States has to hire three detectives to guard his wife and two little girls at Gray Gables. Detectives Hastings and Griffin of New York and Walsh of Chicago are on that duty. They make two reports daily, one to the President's private secretary and the other to the Secret Service Bureau. Kidnaping is feared.

My suggestion to the Democratic and Republican leaders of this city, to nominate a popular and capable journalist for Mayor this time, has caused a good deal of talk and excitement in political as well as newspaper circles. I have my own preference, of course—who wouldn't?—but I am liberal and generous, and I want to give all a chance. Therefore, in addition to the names of Jupiter Dana, grand pacificator Miller and alphabet Clarke of the Democratic fold, and of the gallant Cockrill and the modest but efficient Turner of the Republican fold, I want to add two or three more names.

THESE are, first, Dr. George W. Hepworth, the ecclesiastical editor of the *Evening Telegram*, who also writes such beautiful Sunday sermons—second column, editorial page—only five cents per copy, no pew rent—for the Sabbath edition of the big *Herald*. The Reverend George W. Hepworth is, on the sly, I am told (no offense meant), a member of Tammany Hall, very powerful with all the bosses (also on the sly, and no offense meant), and generally very popular with the masses. I think the Reverend gentleman, once in such a commanding position as Mayor, would probably convert Tammany Hall and spread the light of truth among the rank and file now groping in darkness. How nice it would be to find Tammany Hall transformed into a Congregational Temple, with Grand Sachem Hepworth preaching harmony and heaven to the benighted "deestrik leaders," the general committee and the committee on general organization! "How sweet are the uses of adversity."

I BELIEVE that pious Parkhurst is also a bit of a journalist—at all events enough so to fairly include him as a candidate of the newspaper profession. They are all wanting him—that is, all the reformers except the Grace party, who are said to want only Grace in a double sense. Parkhurst has convictions and indomitable pluck and determination. If the Republicans would nominate him and run him, whether he accepts or not, it might be a wise thing for them to do. Not even Parkhurst would be bold enough to refuse to accept the Mayoralty if returned by the people. Now, as I am not charging anything for my advice, I would like to suggest to the Democrats that, even though Parkhurst may not be of their fold, they might do a good stroke of business by

hoisting Parkhurst's name as candidate. The Reverend gentleman has said that he prefers a Tammany Boss to a Republican Boss, as he calls Tom Platt. Well, that ought to entitle him to the gratitude of the somewhat nervous directors of the big machine in East Fourteenth Street. Certainly it would excite popular admiration to find Boss Gilroy and Boss Purroy asking their supporters to vote for Parkhurst. It would show boldness, too. Would it not be plainly saying to Parkhurst: "Look here, you think you can govern and purify the administration of New York City better than we can. All right. Now go ahead and do your best. We are with you. We will vote for you. We will back you in all your efforts to reform when you are elected."

If this nomination is agreeable neither to the Dems nor the Reps, how would the Rev. Henry Field do? He is editor of a religious weekly of long standing, knows the ropes, is a fighter, and—well, brother of his great brothers. What I am after is to pit like against like—journalist against journalist—clergyman against clergyman—and rouse up a full vote and tremendous enthusiasm for reform.

AND, by the way, before quitting this subject of the Mayoralty I ought to refer to the reported remark of Senator Ed. Murphy, that his own favorite candidate is Richard Croker, ex-Boss of Tammany. Richard also was a newspaper man for a while—in fact, until he found the business absorbing too much of the profits of his racing and other enterprises. But he's not exactly the timber of which journalists are constructed. Besides, I'm opposed to any and all of the old hackneyed professional politicians this time.

BUT stop. What's this? I hear that Murphy predicts that his friend Croker "would sweep New York as that great city has never been swept." Gadzoooks! That alters the case somewhat, and makes me forget that Richard is only one of the professional politicians. No Mayor New York has ever had, and no Commissioner paid well to do the job, has ever swept New York even half well. If Richard will do it, of course we'll bury all other considerations and back him with ONCE A WEEK, if he'll promise not only to sweep New York but to keep it swept during his whole term of office.

THE United States has at last sent congratulations and greeting to the Republic of Hawaii. Queen Liliuokalani is out of politics, though a delegation was on its way to Washington in her interest some time ago. President Dole and his advisers will have all they can attend to for some time; but they have given proof hitherto that they have the ability as well as the determination to keep Royalists in check.

THIS country has been severely virtuous up to date in dealing with Hawaiian affairs. Now that Dole has finally succeeded against our more than coldness, it will do no harm if Uncle Sam cultivates a certain nearness toward Brother Dole. Otherwise that hard-working, practical statesman may conclude that the people of this country are really angry at him for turning Queen Lil out of her palace.

AS foreshadowed in these columns two weeks ago, the hot winds and prolonged drought have about ruined the corn crop in several Western States, including the Corn Belt. The chance of a crop in Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas is passed. Farmers' faces have taken on a look of desolation and despair in all that fertile region. With the price of other commodities ruling lower and lower for a year past, this failure of corn is a crushing blow. The price of wheat has advanced in sympathy with corn; but the farmers will have little to sell.

IN the presence of this gloomy prospect, the phenomenal patience, thrift and conservatism of our agricultural population will be severely tested until next harvest time. Thousands of farmers and their sons will seek employment in the cities the coming winter, thus depressing the already demoralized labor market. It never rains, but it pours.

ONE John McCarten came to this city from Nebraska week before last—so he said—and inserted an advertisement in the papers. He was looking for a wife to go with him to Nebraska where, he claimed, he is the owner of a farm. In his ad. he tells just what kind of a girl will suit, including a proviso that the lucky candidate shall have a good character and one hundred dollars. He is old enough to be the father of the girl he is looking for, the age limit being twenty-eight. Several young girls called to see him, and the old fellow is being unmercifully guyed. I hope the New York girls will not forget that the corn crop is very light in Nebraska this year, and that if Mac was much of a catch the Nebraska girls would not let him get away.

LI HUNG CHANG was deprived of his yellow jacket—so says one cable dispatch—because he was not prepared for war when Japan got ready to fight. Another dispatch says he was not deprived of the jacket at all. We must compromise these conflicting accounts. Li took off his yellow jacket to fight. At the close of last

week he was pouring troops into Corea, and Japan was doing likewise. The people of Corea are starving. They have had two successive crop failures, including the failure of this year. In the midst of hunger, they will see the two great Oriental nations fighting for control of their country. The people of this country are about to send a cargo of supplies.

THE cargo is a good idea—not only for the Coreans, but for our own people. Unless something is done, the suffering in this country the coming winter will be very severe. And if charitably disposed people send help to far-off Corea, they will be reminded at the same time that a little help nearer home would not come amiss.

THE city of Newark, N. J., has just done honor to one of her departed worthies by the unveiling of a statue to Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, in Military Park, a short distance from the home occupied for many years by the distinguished Secretary of State and United States Senator. The address of presentation was delivered by Ambassador Runyon.

SECRETARY FRELINGHUYSEN died at Newark May 20, 1885; and his death was universally regretted as a national loss. He was a native of New Jersey, and was always proud of her history and jealous of her honor and dignity. His career in the Senate was marked by able judgment and eloquent defense of the right as he saw it. Whether Republicans are ungrateful or not, certain it is that our great men do drop out of public sight very soon after the tomb closes. Perhaps the perpetuation of their memory will be the special charge of their friends and neighbors who saw them in their home life. The people of Newark and of New Jersey have done well in the case of Frederick T. Frelinghuysen.

THE Republican quarrel in the city of New York reached the State Committee at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, August 9. It was settled just enough to raise the still more vexatious how-d'y-e-do of taking the controversy to the State Convention.

REPUBLICANS in the swim of metropolitan party management may know what principle of organization they are quarreling about, but I must admit I do not. Republicans, and no doubt many Democrats, who live at a distance, in all the States and Territories, will be anxious to know a few of the manifestations as they present themselves after the smoke of the 9th inst. has lifted.

THAT organization of Republicans which owns the leadership of Brookfield and Bliss, and has all the Republican papers of Gotham except the *Tribune* for its organs, has been recognized as regular by the State Committee. The Milholland Republicans, and the *Tribune*, have been advised to enroll themselves with the Blissites. Whether they do this or not, the *Tribune* announces that they will not bolt the ticket of the regular organization at the fall election.

BOTH the Milhollandites and Blissites have had much to say against the machine and against boss rule in local politics. One faction has accused the other of being the machine. This is what I cannot understand. What vital Republican principle of party management is violated by either side, does not appear. In the presence of this failure of light, the reasonable inference is, that there is some prospect of a Republican victory over Tammany for the control of the city government, and that a gentleman named Bliss, an old campaigner, and a young and enthusiastic Republican named Milholland, started two organizations and began to enroll voters in the Assembly Districts of the city. Between them they have raked in about all the Republicans that will vote. Both are strong in numbers and devoted to their respective organizations. Hence the quarrel. Hence the tiger smiles. Hence Senator Hill goes to baseball games in Washington instead of joining the harmony Democrats at Saratoga.

LET us not be too fast to despair of the *Vigilant*. Nearly all those races have been sailed over land-locked courses, or close to such coasts as the all-branching Isle of Wight, both yachts scraping the bottom more than once. The thing for Mr. Gould to do is to sail on the open sea a certain number of races, for good stiff purses of the British gold standard; beat the *Britannia*; bring home the standard; and his loyal fellow-citizens will know him for the son of his father.

THEN, if we win, let the Prince and his sporting-blood confreres come over here, and bring their tooting caps with them. Near Boston Harbor or New York Harbor; outside of the Delaware and the Chesapeake; away down in the Gulf of Mexico; within the circle of the dreamy influences of the Golden Gate; off Chicago, on the Great Lakes, there is lots of room for yachts to sail without grounding—Mr. Gould can take care of the Prince and his people, at any of these places. If the Prince wins at home, then *Britannia* ought to pay us a visit. What the world wants to see now is a yacht that can win a race away from home. Perhaps the *Britannia* is the one.

THOSE who fear that religious intolerance is being fostered by the A. P. A., and by the vigorous denunciation of the order by certain Catholics, may calm themselves. The great body of Church people of all denominations are engaged in a rivalry quite peculiar to the age in which we live. They all are drawing people to their respective churches by their example of unblemished lives and Christian charity, which includes, of course, the absolute and unqualified recognition of the right of every individual to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

CHARLES A. DANA, editor of the New York *Sun*, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday August 8. He is in excellent health and spirits, and does a great big day's work every day. The great journalistic chieftain has gone five years beyond the Scriptural limit, but the *Sun* and the World will have use for him through many years to come. The individuality of the *Sun* is something altogether unique in journalism; and that it has preserved it in later years, through the supervision of Mr. Dana rather than through his forceful, straight-course pen, is a striking proof of his superb mastery in the intellectual domain.

AT the bier of his friend Walt Whitman, Colonel Ingersoll thanked the Good Gray Poet for teaching and encouraging men and women to die without fear. That was in March, 1892, and I have been expecting ever since to read something in defense of suicide from this brilliant but quite shallow atheist. The Colonel has gone and done it.

COLONEL INGERSOLL's letter to the New York *World* last week was written, apparently, to protest against the law of New York that punishes unsuccessful attempts at suicide with imprisonment. From this, however, he branches off as usual into a denial of the existence of God, Heaven and Sheol, and lands at last upon his favorite ground that he recognizes nothing but the natural. From this standpoint he argues that a man or woman is justified in committing suicide in certain contingencies.

Now this monopoly of the "natural" on the part of Mr. Ingersoll is exactly what I wish to dispute. He and other atheists are constantly iterating and reiterating this claim. The question of the sinfulness of suicide affords an excellent opportunity to show that Mr. Ingersoll and his followers are either very shallow or very insincere when they make such a claim.

THE gist of the pro-suicide argument is, that when a man has no longer anything to live for, is no longer of any service to himself, to those dear to him and to the community, he has the right to end his suffering, especially if such suffering is incurable and is leading to inevitable death in any case. Take Ingersoll's own ground, that death is as natural as life, and the conclusion would be that the processes leading to death ought to take their natural course. But let us go a step further: Pain is as natural as pleasure. The organism that lives and suffers has natural working parts, with specific functions to perform. The natural theory is that these parts have rights, so to speak. The only "purpose" in Nature recognized by Ingersoll is that, in living organisms, certain organs have special functions which they must perform. On this ground he condemns all punishment because the organism cannot help it if it does wrong; all pretensions to the higher spiritual life, because these organs act only as they must, and all higher pretensions are sham and hypocrisy. In this view Ingersoll sets up the organism as master and arbiter.

THEREFORE, according to Ingersoll, not only do the working parts of the body have rights, but they are supreme. What punishment they inflict it is "unnatural" to put a stop to by annihilation. In the case of criminals and ascetics, Ingersoll will not allow the State to hang the murderer nor the Abbot to enforce rules, even for himself, whereby the recluse may be taught to bring the flesh under subjection to the spirit. A man may not punish his body, but he may destroy it. The State may not kill the murderer, but the latter may, if he gets tired of carrying the burden around, free himself from Nature's clasp and tie himself to annihilation. In the full sense of the word, suicide is unnatural. I do not mean that it is wrong, uncanny, criminal, sinful or anything of that kind, but a direct doing of that which Nature allows to be done in no single instance that can be cited, wherein she has control.

IT is easy to see this. Here is an organism Man. Body and mind make up the compositum. By the act of suicide the lifeless body only remains. The working parts intended by Nature for the preservation of the organism have been turned against themselves—the Life, Intelligence, Beauty, Grace, outward form of Harmony are gone. The Destroyer, Will, has gone with the rest.

WHERE does Nature do such annihilation as this? How is it in death from old age? Nature's course was run. In death by sickness, or torture of body? If you do your best—as Nature is doing the while—it is a death with Nature's acquiescence. If you hasten it, you free Nature from all responsibility in the matter. How is it in death by violence? In a fatal casualty, death comes against Nature's protest, but she finally consents. On

the scaffold, or in the electric chair, Nature weeps. She looks a pitying protest out of the now gentle eyes of a Jugiro as well as a Slocum. But she has her child, her beloved one by the hand. She even resigns him to his fate. And at the last moment she weeps tears upon his head, and she struggles at the last instant against even the fierce demon of the lightning's current from the switch-board. She does all this, and more that none can know unless he comes to pay that kind of last tribute, when a human is murdered. But when he turns his own hand against himself, Nature marks her child as insane. She may pity him; she rarely weeps over him. But—is not this enough?—she does not accompany him, except to save him at times from his own hand. How, then, can Colonel Ingersoll base his terrible article upon the fact that he recognizes only the natural?

THEY say Emperor William of Germany, who was at Cowes during the races, displayed great elation over the *Britannia*'s many victories over George Gould's *Vigilant*. Very glad the *Vigilant* is not named the *America*. We must reserve that name for the yacht that is to win in British waters, light winds, heavy winds, blow-hard or gentle zephyrs.

DURING the Constantinople earthquake two favorite wives of the Sultan fell through the ceiling of the palace into the private room of the royal Doctor. According to the laws of Islam, these two wives having been seen by a giaour, ought to have been put to death by drowning in sacks. But they were not. There are ways, even among Turks, of getting around disagreeable laws. As the Sultan loved these two particular wives, they were only sewed up in sacks and dipped in the waters of the Bosphorus, after which the sacks were ripped open and the purified wives allowed to live.

THE Convention of the British Association, Oxford, has brought out some alleged new light as to the principle of life. Very remarkable mistakes made by students of biology have been corrected, especially as to the cell principle. Professor Schaefer has discovered what he calls "an attraction particle" in each tiny animal cell. It is almost as minute an object as it is possible to conceive. In a cell which is magnified one thousand diameters, the central particle appears merely of the size of a pin point. Yet this almost infinitely small object exerts an extraordinary influence over the whole cell, which may be many thousand times its size. It initiates and directs those processes which result in the multiplication of cells, and, indirectly, therefore, it is concerned in directing the general growth of the individual and ultimately the propagation of species. It is shown, then, that the principle of life is contained in a particle a thousand times smaller than the smallest object which the best microscopes of a few years ago were able to perceive.

PROFESSOR HIRAM MAXIM, whose famous flying machine was tested in England lately, has made a profound impression on some of the most learned people of Europe, who predict that the air will be navigated by mechanical contrivances before the end of the century. Pretty near that time now, so that some of us may look forward to a trip to Europe through the air before our hours sound.

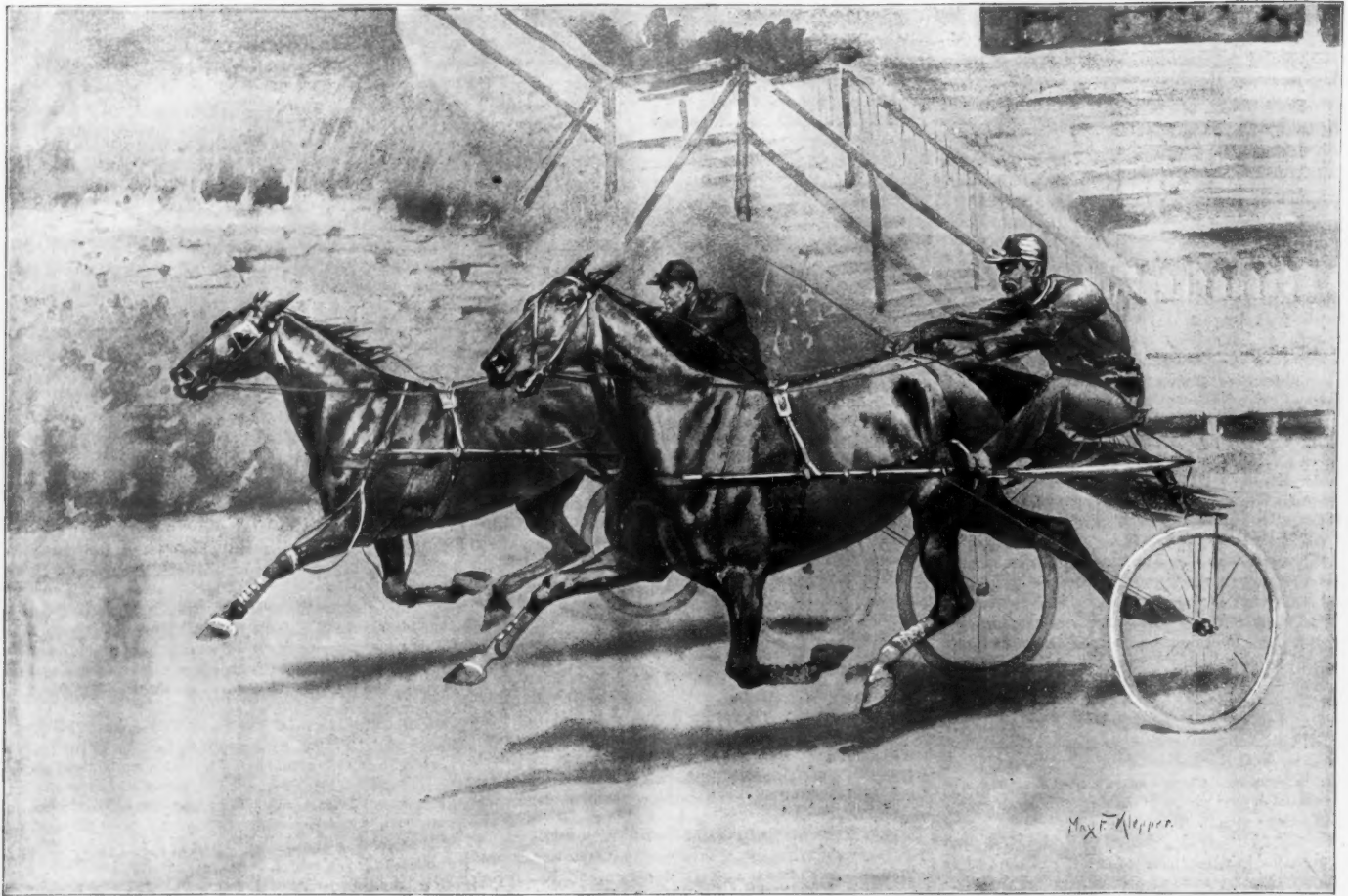
EXTRAORDINARY gold discoveries have been made in Western Australia. Here is a short account of the principal find near a place called Coolgardie:

"A man named Mills came to one of the many large 'blows' which are characteristic of the country. He was astonished, on rubbing his hand across a protruding piece of stone, to see gold standing out prominently. He knocked a large piece off a boulder, and at his feet lay a magnificent specimen literally studded with coarse gold, while before him, dazzling his eyes, was a magnificent reef of almost pure gold, a fortune in itself. Mills, taking several pieces from the reef, placed them in his bosom, and carefully covering the reef with earth, found his mates. On the next morning twenty-five acres were pegged off, and the adjoining blocks at each end were also taken up. One man went to town and bought a dolly, the largest he could procure. In one day they dollyed 1,000 ounces, and in a short time had nearly \$100,000 worth of ore."

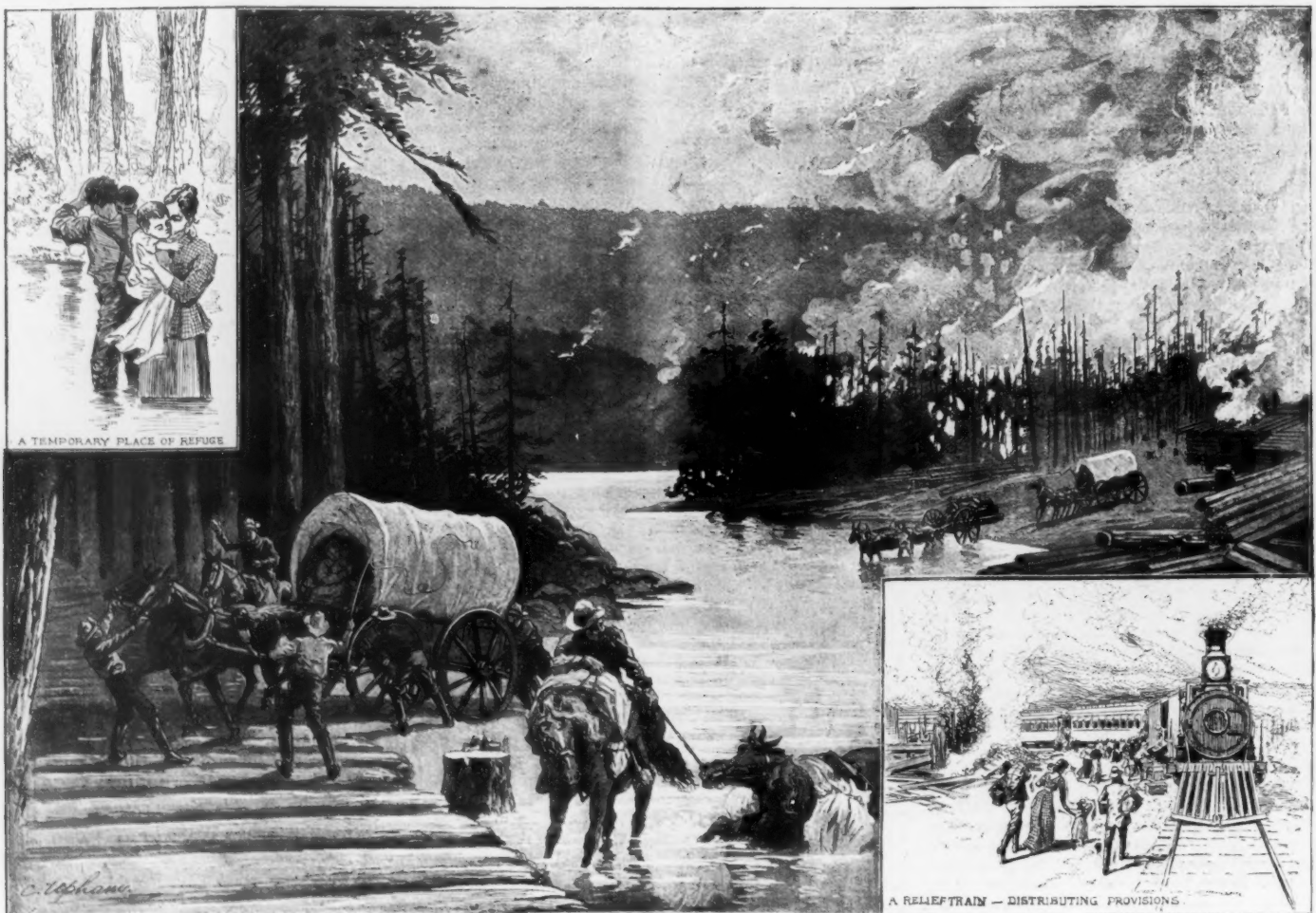
LAST week, it seems, could not close without a horrible wreck on the Rock Island Railroad, causing the death of about twenty persons. The indications are that it was the work of train-wreckers. It is useless to inveigh against such alleged barbarity or to call for the punishment of the guilty ones. But it is not idle, perhaps, to point out that if bad blood had not been engendered by the late strike, this fiendish work would in all probability not find willing hands capable of doing it. We must adjust these labor quarrels hereafter under the guidance and sanction of a definitive statute.

WHETHER final action on the tariff will be taken during the present week or the present month or the present year, it is quite certain that the Wilson-Cleveland fiscal policy based on free raw materials has been indefinitely postponed.

PULLMAN will soon know Pullman's late employes no more. Evictions have been ordered to make room for the new workmen. In the meantime Attorney-General Moloney of Illinois proposes to annul the Pullman Company's charter, on the ground that the corporation has gone into lines of business not authorized by that document.



A TROTTING RACE AT FLEETWOOD PARK, NEW YORK, AUGUST 4.

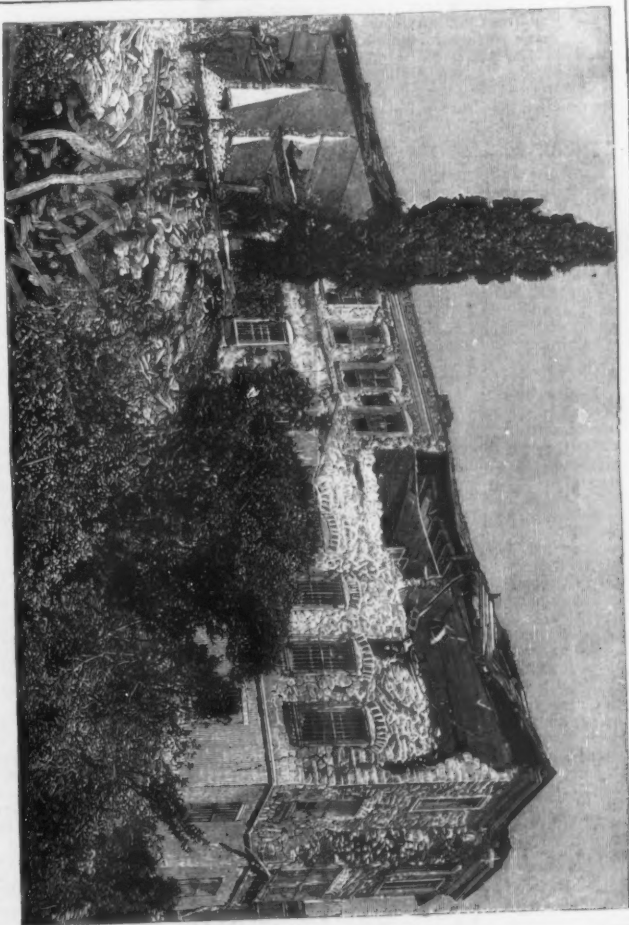


THE RECENT FOREST FIRES IN THE NORTHWEST.

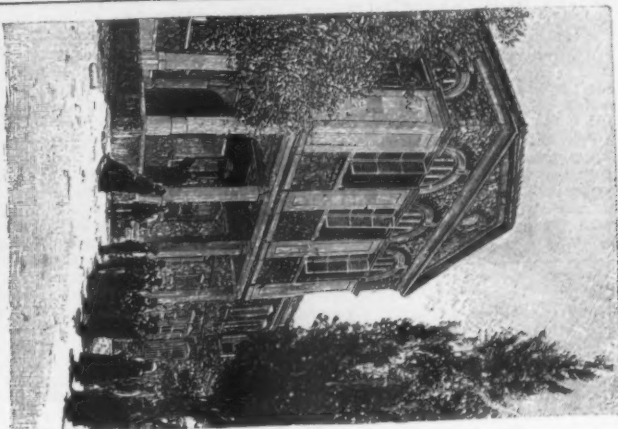
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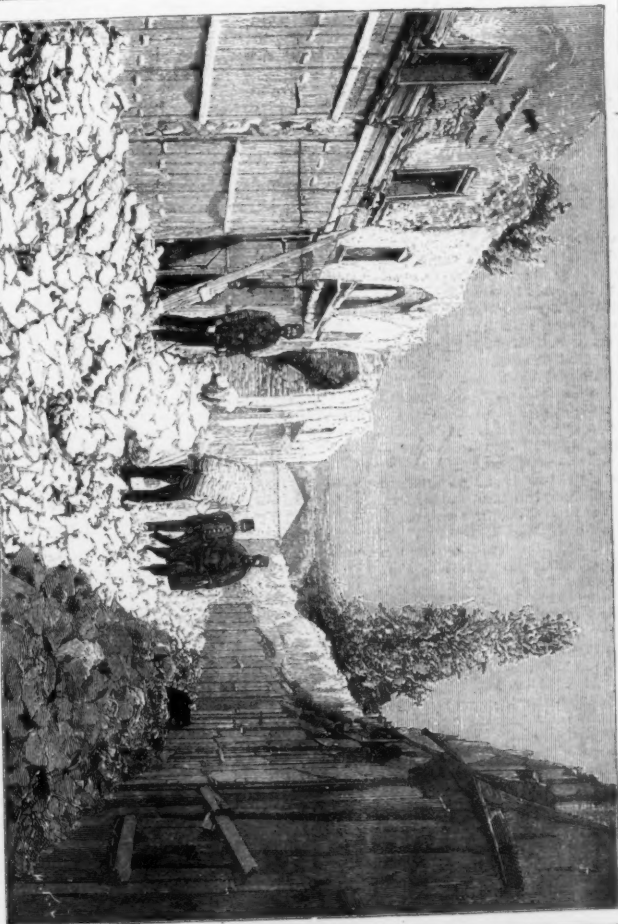
Ruins of the library of the school.



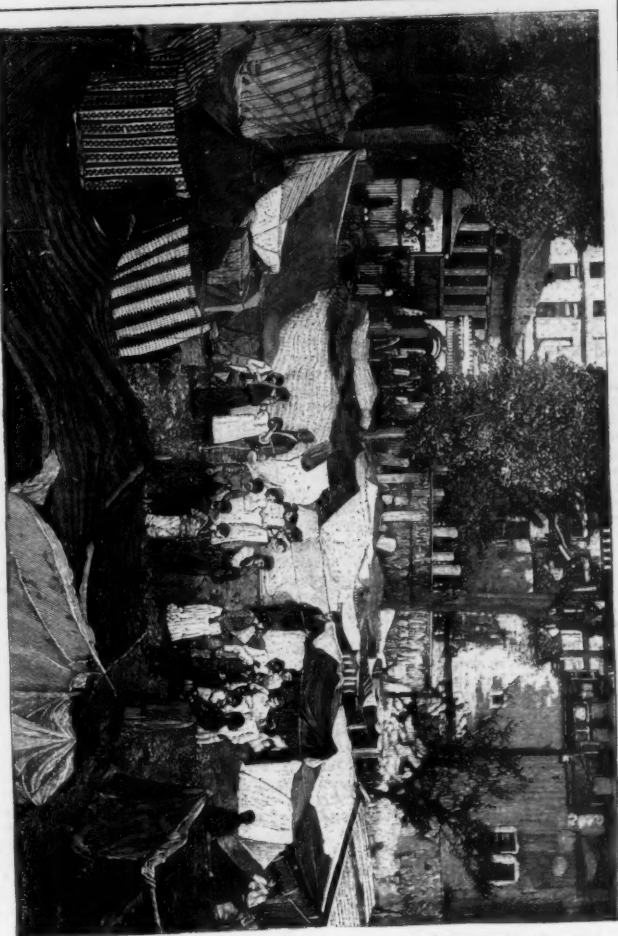
Ruins of the theological school (the of princes)



Doorway of the theological school.



Appearance of the Rue Samouel after the earthquake



The encampment in the garden of derwishes at Pera

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN CONSTANTINOPLE. (From photographs.—See page 10.)

THE SAXON WOMEN.

"Mother mine, I see the raven
Winging where the bright swords meet;
Will that swart bird mark a craven
In the earl who woos me sweet?"

But the mother, naught replying,
Looks to where the bird is flying.

"Mother mine, I see an eagle
From his eyrie on the crags
Soaring down with wing-head regal;
Does he find my lover flags?"

But the mother, naught replying,
Looks to where the bird is flying.

"Mother mine, yon gray beast stealing,
Wolf that skulks along the wood,
Gone where battle-men are reeling;
Surely, he forebodes no good?"

But the mother, ne'er replying,
Looks to where the beast is hieing.

In the bitter of the morn'g
Back they brought the iron earl;
Stiff and stark, with scanty warning,
Prone and pale as any churl.

Bird and beast spake true indeed,
Prophets in their curion greed;
Ah, the woman-hearts that bleed!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PICTURE high hills, steep ravines, beautiful valleys, swift-flowing rivers murmuring to the sea, innumerable brooks, slab rocks without number, a thin soil, tidy little villages, plain, hardy mountain people, supplemented in the summer by hundreds of guests from the outside world, and you have a view of Cummington, Mass. It was here, on one of the highest hills, on November 3, 1794, that William Cullen Bryant was born. On August 16th the people of the town, assisted by their neighbors from all the surrounding villages and by many distinguished literary men and women, celebrated the poet's birthday. It needed no suggestion from the outside world that this should be done. People who knew Bryant in the last years of his life, who realized his great talents, and, perhaps, even more, the material benefits which he gave to the little town in the shape of good roads, a schoolhouse, a library and several thousand books, spoke of the coming centennial of his birth, and then the town gave it its formal sanction, of course, in a town-meeting.

In a little hamlet the size of Cummington everything of importance finds its way into the town-meeting, and the voters were unanimous in saying that 't ere should be an appropriate observance. A local committee was appointed, and it was thought advisable that the celebration should come during mid-summer, for then everything is at its best in the hills, and in Cummington and in the surrounding neighborhood are the summer homes of many admirers and friends of Bryant. Naturally, the observance took place on the Bryant homestead, in a beautiful apple orchard and grove, and where thousands can congregate with the utmost comfort. All around on the Bryant homestead are scenes made memorable by the poet's muse. In the grove itself there can still be seen traces on the trees of where the poet and his brothers carved their initials. Near at hand is the rivulet, where can be seen to-day the walls laid by the poet and his brothers. The old hemlocks, the Johnott brook, the roaring brook, the causeway over it, the entrance to a wood, the gorge, and other scenes of which the poet so eloquently wrote. It was in 1866 that Bryant, having accumulated a small fortune, had a desire that the home of his boyhood should again belong to his family. At his request, it was repurchased for him by Francis H. Dawes, a brother of ex-Senator Dawes, and here the poet passed the last twelve summers of his life. The old homestead was remodeled and made more comfortable; but portions of it to-day are as it was when the boy Bryant was doing irksome chores and "peasant labor" about the farm, greatly to his dislike. On the site where the office of his father, Dr. Peter Bryant, formerly stood, an L to the house was built, and this was the poet's study and workshop. It remains to-day as it was at the time of his death. There are two large bookcases, still containing his books of reference and the works of authors that he loved. An open fireplace, a few easy-chairs, a half dozen engravings on the wall, a plain work-table, on which he wrote his translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and many other poems and articles of prose. His sleeping-room also remains as it was at the time of his death. The furniture of this room is of the simplest description. There is a plain pine chamber-set, a few engravings, one or two chairs and a rug. This is all.

At his death this homestead became the property of his daughter, Miss Julia Sands Bryant. It was her request that the two rooms should not be used, but should be freely shown to visitors who cared to see them. They are visited annually by hundreds of the admirers of Bryant. The poet's birthplace is a mile nearer the little village of Cummington. The house was many years ago moved away, and was long since torn down. The spot is to-day marked by a simple shaft of Chester granite, the base stone of which rests on a slab of Cummington clap rock. On one of the four sides of the monument are the words:

BIRTHPLACE OF BRYANT. NOV. 3, 1794.	On another side are the words:	WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT
		DIED
		JUNE 12, 1878
		& LIES BURIED AT ROSLYN.

All the letters are capitals, and the words, "Birthplace" and "Cullen Bryant," are in a semicircle. The monument was built by the members of the family, and twelve dollars was paid for the land. It is situated on the farm

of Warren Tower, and the lot itself is of many acres. The land is used for grass, and is in the midst of an apple orchard. The monument stands directly alongside the road leading from the village to the Bryant place, and at the junction of a road leading to Plainfield. That little village, five miles distant, across a beautiful valley, is plainly in view. It was to that little hamlet that Bryant journeyed December 15, 1816, feeling "very forlorn and desolate," as he went there to see what inducements the town offered for the practice of law, to which he had just been licensed. It was that day, when he was twenty-one years of age, that he wrote one of his most famous poems, "To a Waterfowl." Weary and worn, as he trudged over the hills, thinking of a profession which was already irksome to him, he noticed a solitary bird as it made its winged way along the horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance. The flight of the bird gave him new courage, and impressed upon him the lesson of faith. That evening he wrote the poem, which many of his admirers think is one of his very best.

Directly across the road from the monument is the little village cemetery where are buried the remains of his parents. Of course, there are many people in Cummington to-day who recall the poet in the summers of the last years of his life that he spent in Cummington. There is, however, only one person now living in Cummington who recalls attending school with the poet in the little district schoolhouse that then stood on "Potash Hill." She was one of the youngest scholars and Bryant one of the oldest. This person is Mrs. Sophronia O. Rogers, now eighty-two years old, and bent with age.

She recalls being seated in one of the front benches when the poet read one of his poems, "The Embargo"—verses which Bryant, later in life, disowned. His father was a staunch Federalist, and his pride was so great at these verses that they were published in pamphlet form. As is well known, Bryant, later in life, became an ardent advocate of the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy.

Mrs. Rogers also recalls that, on a beam of the old schoolhouse, the schoolboy-poet cut sixty notches, to commemorate the fact that, for that number of days, he stood at the head of the spelling class. All of the poet's biographers tell us that he was reserved, and, in his younger days, shy; but from the initials in the wood and the notches on the beam it would seem that he had the jack-knife whittling habit, as have the boys of to-day.

Mrs. H. S. Nahmer, a daughter of Mrs. Rogers, is the working member of the local committee on the celebration. It was her privilege to have the assistance of Bryant in cataloguing the several thousand volumes for the Bryant library. She recalls that his memory at threescore-and-ten was remarkable. She was a delighted listener, and she will not soon forget the serene look of the poet as he leaned against the mantel, the books scattered about in confusion, he repeating passages from Pope or Tasso in the original, with easy change to the "Bigelow Papers."

Many of the village people still remember with pride that, September 2, 1877, only a few months before his death, at the request of friends, Bryant went to the little church in West Cummington, and, after the close of the service, not only recited some of his poems, but told how they were written. He spoke of "Thanatopsis," saying that the first part was written when he was eighteen, and while wandering through the woods of Cummington. The latter portion, he said, was written in 1821, thus "adding the moral idea," he said, "to what had been, originally, simply an adoration of Nature." He then spoke of the waterfowl, giving the incident related above. After reading the poem, he remarked, simply, that a lady once said to him that the veteran missionary Brigham had told her that, while traveling in the wilds of South America, on his way from the Atlantic to the Pacific, these verses were of the greatest comfort to him.

In the village of Cummington resides Mrs. Francis H. Dawes. For twenty-four years her husband had charge of the Bryant homestead. During the twelve years of Mr. Bryant's life that he resided there, naturally Mrs. Dawes saw him daily during the summer vacations. To the Dawes family, including their little daughter, now Mrs. Mary Dawes Warner, Mr. Bryant was the kindest of friends. But even to the plain country neighbors he was reserved. Mrs. Dawes recalls that once, when Mr. Bryant was giving an animated description of his visit to the Holy Land and Jacob's Well, some of the neighbors came in in the midst of the story. He stopped short, and walked into his study.

Bryant greatly enjoyed the presence of children, and the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dawes was his especial favorite. She was privileged to weave his long white beard into braids, and to bring her mud-pies to him for his admiration when he was translating the *Iliad*. He would stop and romp with her; but, if very busy, would put her in the waste-paper basket, take her to the door and tilt it until the little girl rolled easily to the ground. It was his delight to have her repeat some of his simpler poems to him, and "Robert of Lincoln" was an especial favorite.

The programme on the 16th was quite an elaborate one. Parke Godwin, who married Mr. Bryant's eldest daughter, presided, and an address of welcome was read by Lorenzo H. Tower, the librarian of the Bryant Library. Edwin R. Brown, of Elmswood, Ill., a native of Cummington and a warm friend of the poet, delivered the oration. The poet's only living brother, John H. Bryant, then read "The Rivulet," and two poems of his own composition—"A Monody," and "At 87"—that being his age. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was then sung, and lunch followed.

After dinner addresses were given by Hon. John Bigelow, who was associated for many years with Bryant on the *New York Evening Post*; Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Fine Arts in Harvard University; Charles Dudley Warner, Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University, and George W. Cable, the novelist. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe read one of her poems that was written for Bryant's sixtieth birthday, adding to it several stanzas appropriate to the centennial observance. John W. Hutchinson, the only remaining member of the Hutchinson family that was so prominent during the Abolition days, sang "Old Friends Are the Truest." There were also letters from ex-Senator Henry L. Dawes and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Miss Julia Sands Bryant, the daughter

of the poet and the owner of the homestead, who of late years has made her home in Paris, was present.—(See page 8.) WILLIAM A. WALKER.

AN AMERICAN MEMORIAL TO KEATS.

FEW years ago an American who took a strong interest in literature called attention to the fact that in England not one suitable memorial to John Keats, the English poet, had been erected. So he proposed that his own countrymen, among whom he knew were many ardent lovers of Keats, should subscribe to and erect such a memorial on English ground. The plan was suggested to the late Professor James Russell Lowell, to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, the late Dr. William Parsons of Boston, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. R. W. Gilder, and others prominent in American letters, and they all favored it enthusiastically. So, with their co-operation, a hundred persons were found in America who were willing to subscribe the money necessary to put the plan into execution. The order for the bust was given to Miss Anne Whitney, the celebrated American sculptress, and the other day, in the parish church at Hampstead, just out of the whirl of London, the work was unveiled in the presence of a large concourse of the admirers of the poet, both English and American.

The church at Hampstead had been chosen for the location of the bust for the reason that Hampstead was once the poet's home, and that he spent there some of the most important years of his life. It was in Hampstead that he formed the acquaintance with Leigh Hunt, an acquaintance that was developed into a close friendship. Soon after meeting Hunt, Keats took up his residence in Hampstead, near enough to Hunt's house to enable him to see much of his friend and derive inspiration from his society. But in its connection with Keats Hampstead is chiefly notable as being the place where the poet's romantic affair with Fanny Browne was enacted. Those who have read Keats's letters to Fanny can realize how much this meant to him and how cruelly he suffered. But the young poet seemed born to suffering. Perhaps that is why his admirers are so deeply attached to his memory. All the world loves a lover, especially a sad lover; and Keats was full of love, and his whole career was sad enough.

Yet if he could have seen the crowd that was present at the little church to pay homage to his memory

the other day he would have felt that his sadness had not been in vain and that his name was not, as he once said of himself, "writ in water." All the afternoon it rained, and the atmosphere was charged with the melancholy gloom that only those familiar with London weather can understand. Nevertheless, the Keats enthusiasts had defied the elements and taken the long journey from the heart of the city to the suburb. It was expected that Mr. Bret Harte would present the statue, in behalf of the American subscribers, to the English people;

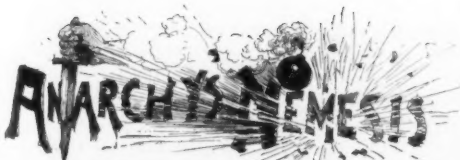


but as he was unable to appear, Mr. Fred Holland Day of Boston spoke in his place. Mr. Day's speech was short and to the point. He was followed by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who accepted the statue in an admirably written address, which he ended by saying: "In one of his gay moods, Keats wrote to his brother George in Kentucky, 'If I had a prayer to make, it should be that one of your children should be the first American poet.' That wish was not realized; the 'little child of the Western wild' remained, I believe, resolutely neglectful of the lyre which his uncle offered to it. But the prophecies of great poets are fulfilled in divers ways, and in a broader sense all the recent poets of America are of Keats's kith and kin. Not one but has felt his influence; not one but has been swayed by his passion for the ethereal beauty; not one but is proud to recognize his authority and dignity. The ceremony of to-day, so touching and so significant, is really, therefore, the pilgrimage of long-exiled children to what was once the home of their fathers." Lord Houghton, Professor Palgrave of Oxford University, and others then spoke of Keats's life and of the significance of his work in poetic literature, and at the conclusion of their remarks the bust was formally unveiled. Soon after it was disclosed to view, and while it was being admired, two young girls, daughters of Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. Walter Besant, the novelist, laid two wreaths beside it, and the choir chanted the anthem, "Then shall the righteous shine forth in their Heavenly Father's home."

As for the bust itself, it was pronounced a success. An English literary man called my attention to the fact that it was more like the death-mask of the poet than like the exquisitely tender face which is portrayed in Severn's famous picture of Keats. Nevertheless, it is a fine piece of work, marked by character and power.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.



ON RAFAEL DOMENECH! Not a very Spanish name, yet there is just at the present moment none that is so widely known in the dominions of little King Alfonso, or which is so justly feared by the Anarchists throughout the length and breadth of the Old World. There is no one else in Europe who has pursued these enemies of modern society with so much relentless severity, with such perspicacity and success; nor is there any judge in existence who has sent so many murderers to the scaffold, or who has, metaphorically speaking, such a large number of Anarchists' scalps dangling from his belt.

Ten years ago his only child, a lovely girl of sixteen, was captured by Andalusian banditti forming part of that terrible band known as the "Mano Negro" ("Black Hand"), an organization similar in character to, but infinitely more cruel and sanguinary in its crimes than, the Molly Maguires of Pennsylvania, the Mafia of Sicily, the Camorra of Naples, and the Bande Noire of France. Held for ransom, which was not forthcoming quick enough to satisfy her captors, she was subjected to the most horrible treatment. Her ears, nose and hands were successively sliced off and sent to her father, and when at length her mutilated body was recovered and brought home to him, it was found that she had suffered nameless indignities before death released her from her sufferings.

Never a tear was Don Rafael seen to shed; never a word betokening grief or sorrow has been known to fall from his lips. But since the day when he cast the first handful of earth upon the coffin of his child he has never rested in his merciless pursuit of criminal organizations, imbued, apparently, with the conviction that, in avenging society, he was likewise avenging his beloved Carmen. It is to him that belongs the exclusive credit for stamping out of existence the Mano Negro, that spread terror and desolation for so many years throughout Andalusia, and when the Anarchists commenced to raise their heads in Spain and to resort to violence and outrage, it was immediately felt at Madrid that, of all the magistrates on the Spanish bench, he was the best adapted to grapple with the new enemy.

Lately, he has been living at Barcelona, engaged in bringing to justice the Anarchists who, for a time, seem to have made that prosperous city their headquarters, and who had been indiscreet enough to attract attention to themselves by exploding bombs in the Liceo Theatre, killing twenty people and permanently maiming some thirty more, and by attempting to murder, in turn, General Martinez Campos and the Governor of the city. Thanks to him, the actual perpetrators of these crimes have all been either executed or are at the present moment lying under sentence of death, while not only have all the small fry been condemned to various terms of imprisonment, but most valuable information has been obtained concerning the organization of the Anarchist army throughout Europe, regarding their means and methods of intercourse and their projects and aims. This, of course, has been communicated by the authorities at Madrid to the police departments of the other governments of the Old World; who are now, in consequence, far better prepared to tackle the Anarchists before they perpetrate their outrages, instead of afterward.

Don Rafael was born at Saragossa, and is a nephew of that Don Garcia Lopez who played so prominent a part in the revolution of 1868. He studied law, and distinguished himself at the outset of his career by a somewhat characteristic line of argument in connection with his first case. He had been, as one of the juniors of the bar, appointed by the court to defend a thief. The Procurator-General representing the Government, being inclined to mercy, asked the court to inflict upon the prisoner a sentence more lenient than that provided by the statute, whereupon Don Rafael rose, and, to the astonishment of all present, exclaimed:

"I object to the disposition toward leniency manifested by the State Prosecutor. Either the prisoner should receive the penalty provided for his alleged offense by the law, or else he deserves immediate acquittal. Otherwise, I shall be held responsible for having consented to a species of transaction or compromise that I cannot for a moment tolerate."

It is needless to describe the sensation created by this remarkable outburst, which resulted in the acquittal of his client.

Having now rid the city of Barcelona of its Anarchists and restored public confidence there—leaving over four hundred of them in chains on board the hulk *Navarro*, anchored some two miles distant from the port and awaiting transportation to the Philippine Islands and other penal colonies of Spain to which they

are to be deported—Judge Rafael Domenech has now returned to Madrid with his wife, who has been a confirmed invalid ever since the tragical death of her daughter. The judge is utterly fearless, and although, owing to the frequency with which his portrait has been published, his features are familiar to every man, woman and child in Spain, and especially to the criminal classes, he resolutely declines protection by the police, and when his work is done makes a point of strolling about the city where he may happen to be, often entering the lowest quarters and engaging in conversation with the people there without betraying the slightest apprehension of peril. No attempt has as yet been made upon his life, although the Anarchist who shot at the Governor of Barcelona confessed to the judge himself that the bullet was intended for him. However, it would not surprise me to hear, one of these days, that he had met with a violent end. Spaniards are a revengeful people, especially those who hail from Catalonia, and while the greater portion of his countrymen are lauding his name to the skies, there are certain desperate people who would gladly wreak their vengeance upon him for the severity with which he has dealt with their fellow-conspirators.

It is difficult to describe the methods employed by Judge Domenech in obtaining from the Anarchists the evidence needed to inflict upon them the punishment which they so richly deserve. His eye seems to have



DON RAFAEL DOMENECH.

a magnetic power which fascinates them and causes them to feel that he has taken possession of their entire being, depriving them for the nonce of their will power. While under the influence of his gaze they make the most damaging admissions, even the most taciturn and discreet of them making confessions which they cannot account afterward for having revealed. Whatever it is that thus causes these enemies of society to quail before this somewhat odd-looking magistrate—who unites in his person not only the role of presiding judge, but also of examining magistrate and of police detective—the fact remains that, for the present, he is regarded by his countrymen as their principal, their only safeguard against the onslaughts of the hydra-headed dragon of Anarchy; while, on the other hand, he is looked upon by the members of that international association formed for the destruction of society as its most dangerous foe. Hence he may be said to carry his life in his hand, and when the readers of this letter learn from the cable dispatches that this justly famous judge has fallen a victim to the knife, the pistol or the bomb of an assassin, they will know who Don Rafael Domenech was and why he was put to death.

F. CUNLIFFE OWEN.

CASIMIR-PERIER'S CHATEAU.

THERE is a curious old legend connected with the place which M. Casimir-Perier, France's new President, owns at Vizelle, not far from Grenoble. The chateau, royal in its proportions and architecturally beautiful, was built about the middle of the sixteenth century, and stands in the centre of an extensive park which is inclosed by a massive wall fifteen or sixteen feet high, dating from about the same period as the chateau. This wall was built by evil spirits under the command of the Arch Fiend himself, so the legend goes, and the tradition is borne out by a singular and inexplicable defect in the masonry. Directly opposite, on the side nearest the chateau, the straight line of the wall suddenly bulges outward a few feet, and the two ends which have missed each other are joined at right angles by a piece of masonry in which one can see quite plainly a large hole filled by a handful of plaster. So much for the facts; now for the legend.

The High Constable of Lesdiguières was the first lord of this domain, and even in those wicked days was considered a man steeped in crime. One day, after some particularly bold bit of aggression and murder, he con-

cluded he would be safer if surrounded by a wall. The Devil came to tempt him, and offered to do the work for an honest recompense. When Satan asks this sort of compensation he is always understood to mean the soul of him whom he addresses.

Lesdiguières thought to himself that he had little to lose in staking a soul already so deeply compromised as his own, and was inclined to accept. He asked the Arch Fiend how long it would take him to do the work.

"Pooh!" said the Evil One; "two or three minutes." "Devil, Devil!" sneered Lesdiguières, "thou art boasting."

"I said three minutes," responded Satan, warmly.

"Well, listen," answered Lesdiguières, "I will propose a wager. I will have my mare, Bradamante, ready by the grand staircase of the chateau, and the moment I am in the saddle and drive home the spurs, thy workmen may begin their task. If I am able to escape before the park is entirely inclosed, I will be free. If not, my soul is thine."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Satan, holding out a red paper to which each affixed his seal.

At the signal Lesdiguières clapped spurs to his horse and sprang away toward the nearest boundary of the park, while a legion of imps laid the walls along the ground with incredible rapidity.

When Lesdiguières reached the point for which he aimed, the two ends of the wall were rapidly approaching each other, and he spurred his horse with shout and steel. As he neared the fatal limit, the work was nearly done, and the demons, unable to resist the temptation, looked up for an instant. Their curiosity cost their master dear. They faltered, the wall swayed outward, the two ends did not meet, and with a mighty bound Bradamante carried her rider through the opening in which, as it closed, her flowing tail alone was caught; but Lesdiguières turned like lightning and severed it with a blow of his dagger. He had won the bet.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

THE third session of the Catholic Summer School of America, held yearly at Plattsburgh, N. Y., was opened on Sunday, July 15, by a solemn Pontifical High Mass in the Church of St. John. The celebrant was the Right Rev. Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg, assisted by the Very Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, Vicar-General and Chancellor of the Archdiocese of New York. The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. John A. Watterson, D.D., Bishop of Columbus, who in the course of his remarks touched on the social disturbances of the day, laying stress on the teachings of the Church with regard to the right relations between capital and labor, and urging the students of the Summer School to interest themselves actively and conscientiously in the welfare of their country as became true Christian soldiers.

The session of the Summer School extended over four weeks, during which time those in attendance enjoyed the advantage of hearing and meeting some of the most eminent specialists of knowledge in America. Two lectures were given every day, one at 11 A.M. and one at 8 P.M. The programme of lectures for 1894 covered a wide range of interesting topics. Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, provincial of the Jesuit order, gave four lectures on the Bible with special reference to the recent encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. Richard Malcolm Johnston delivered a series of five lectures on Eminent Authors. The French Revolution was treated in three lectures by George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D. Hon. W. C. Robinson of Yale Law School explained some legal principles of general interest and Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J., conducted a new course of five lectures on the basis of Ethics. Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy of Pittsburgh, Pa., lectured on the labor question, and Professor James Hall, the eminent geologist of New York State, on the formation of the Ausable Chasm. The fourth week of the Summer School, from August 6 to 10 inclusive, was devoted to subjects appealing especially to teachers. This course will be followed by a large number of Sisters from academies and parish schools.

The success of the Catholic Summer School, which has become the model for similar experiments in Europe, is due mainly to the efforts of the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., of New York, the Chairman of the Board of Studies, who has devoted much time and energy to its formation and development. By virtue of an absolute charter granted by the Regents of the University of the State of New York on February 9, 1893, the Catholic Summer School has a legal existence as a corporation under the laws of the State of New York and is classified within the system of public instruction devoted to University Extension. Its object is to increase the facilities for busy people to study, and to create an intellectual centre where, in the leisure of a summer vacation, congenial minds may be brought together for mutual profit and pleasure. The need of such an organization has been sufficiently proved by the eagerness with which Catholics have joined the Summer School, and made it an unqualified success.

A PROMISING LETTER.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, August 1, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

DEAR SIR—I would like to know if you would like to have me write poems free for your valuable paper, as I think it high above all others.

I am only ten years old, but I am going to be a poet. My mother's father was a poet, so I am going to take after him.

As I would like something to do that would take up my mind through vacation, I thought I would send to you and see what you would say.

I will have a poem ready to send in any time if you say you would like me to.

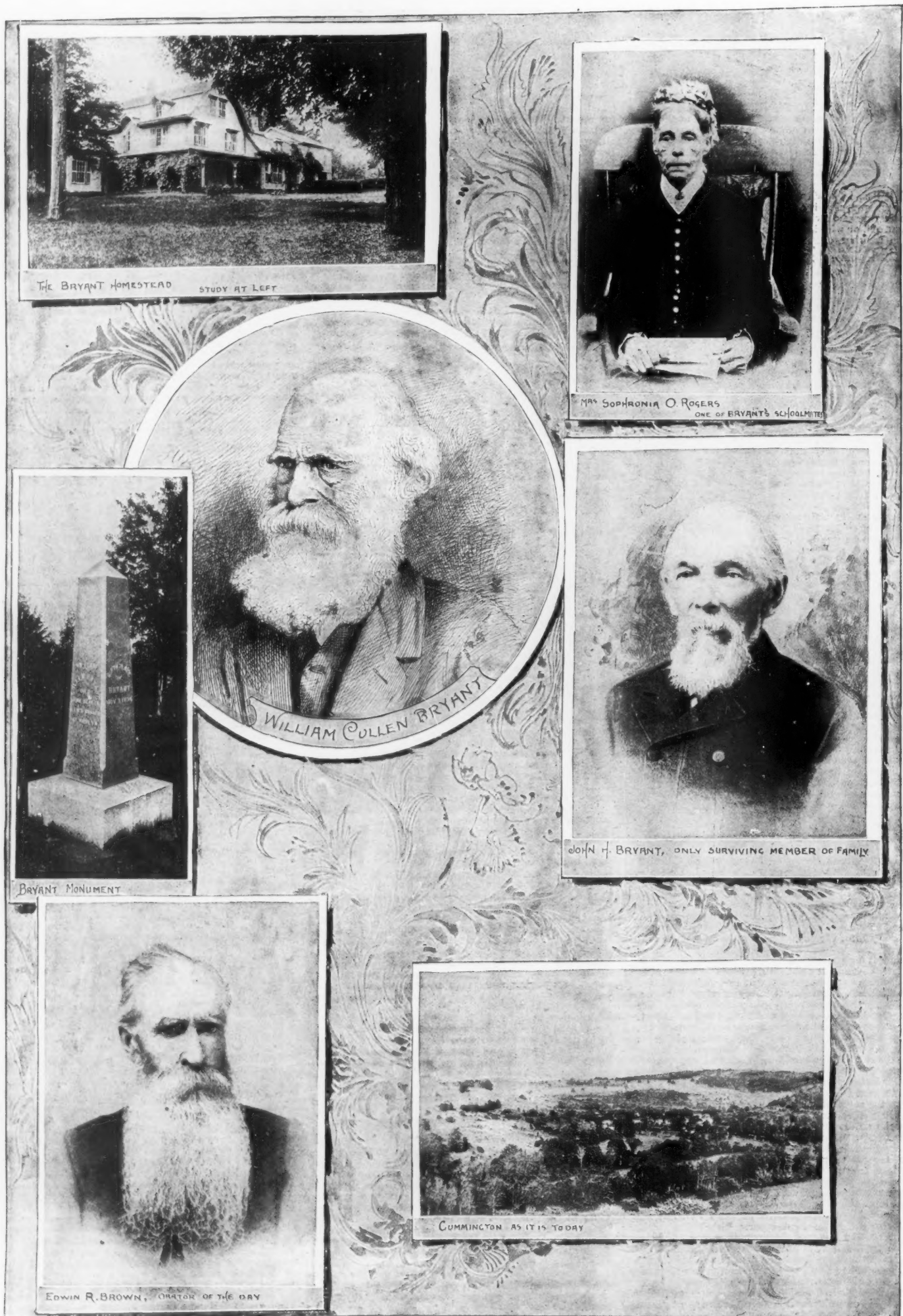
Yours truly, JOHN H. McGRATH, Poet.

The editor of ONCE A WEEK presents his compliments to Master John H. McGrath, poet, ten years old, and will be pleased to examine any of his poems with a view to their publication in ONCE A WEEK. Further, if Master John will send the editor the year, day and hour of his birth, the Astrologer of ONCE A WEEK will consult the stars to find out whether John is really going to be a great poet or not.

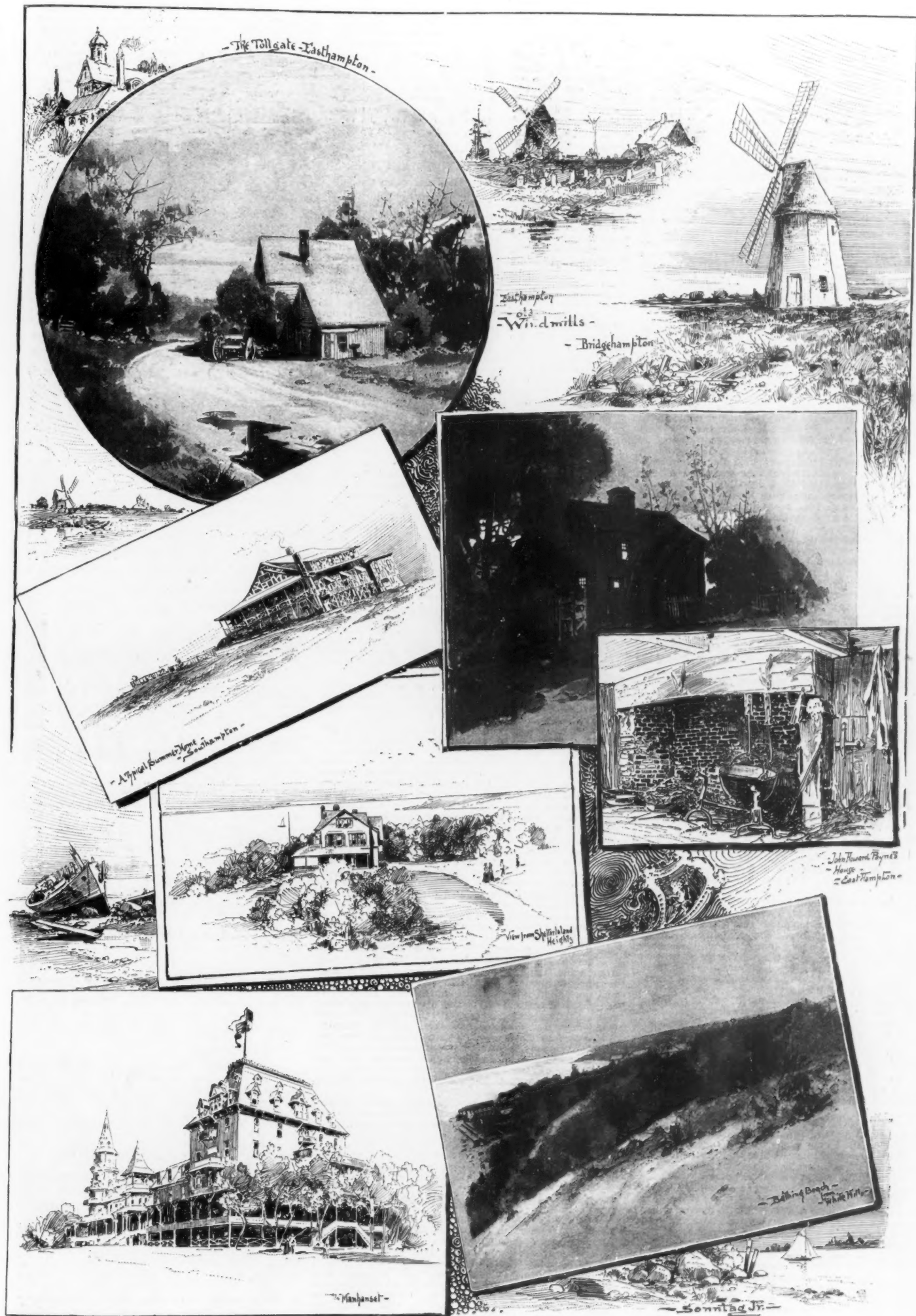
NOT NEW TO HIM.

"Did the recent troubles out West interest you, sonny?"

"Oh, those things are nothing new to me; my mother's slippers are always on strike!"



CELEBRATION OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S BIRTHDAY AT CUMMINGTON, MASS.
(See page 6.)



SHELTER ISLAND AND THE HAMPTONS.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.)

(See page 10.)

IN TIME OF YOUTH.

To ramble thro' the whispering wood,
To lie in tents of bending grass—
Oh! things like these seemed highest good,
When you and I were lad and lass!

We had God's sunshine for our drink,
And all the things of earth were sweet.
The very stars, we used to think,
Were candles set to light our feet.

I would the spell were never spent!
I would that we were young to-day,
And through the summer meadows went,
To toss and tumble in the hay!

—JAMES BUCKHAM.

The Will of Bachelor Jones.

MR. JEDEDIAH JONES had been, undeniably, an upright man, but he also had the reputation of being one of those "shave the winds," as the Irish call them, who exact to the uttermost penny all legal dues. Leaving his native village a youth of twenty, he had returned in the prime of life with a small fortune amassed by hard work and close economy. Then he settled down as a capitalist and local money lender. He advanced cash on either real estate or personal property. He required the best of security, and the rate of interest he demanded was always one per cent less than the laws of the State allowed him. But, if the debtor failed to carry out to the last syllable the agreement of the bond into which he had entered, "Old Jones," as he got to be called, was down on him like a hawk on a chicken. Farm, stock, household goods—whatever had been pledged, must needs go to satisfy the demands of the creditor. His money he wanted, and his money he would have. But no one could speak of him as a usurer. He asked justice, simply cold, icy justice, and he got it. Other men wanted "bonuses," "inspection fees," and so on, when they loaned money, but because they cheerfully extended the time of payment when settling day arrived they were spoken of as "large hearted," and "public spirited."

So, when Jedediah ended his lonely life—he was a bachelor and boarded at the village tavern—no one mourned him—that is, on the day of his death. But the day after there was a revulsion of public feeling when it became known that the old man had, by will, divided his property among those who in the past were his debtors. "It has been my endeavor," he wrote in this document, "to teach indirectly the lesson of rigid economy and exact justice, and that those who cannot fulfill an agreement should not enter into one. But I have come to see that human foresight is of little avail, and that God often directs His plans in opposition to the plans of man. Feeling that my scheme may have been a failure, and anxious to repair any wrong done by a close exaction of my legal rights, I make the following disposition of my estate." There succeeded a list of bequests to all those whom he termed his "customers," some of them joined with eccentric conditions such as this: "To Samuel Lindsay, \$300, payable in sums of \$10, each payment after the first to be made whenever my executors are satisfied that he has entirely recovered from the effects of spending the previous \$10." The residue of my estate," the will ended, "which I think amounts to about \$12,000, is to be disposed of according to the terms of a codicil not to be made public until its requirements are satisfied."

On hearing of this remarkable testamentary disposition of a fortune, people began to talk more kindly of the dead Jedediah, lying peacefully in his casket, and old residents recalled the fact that he had gone away, when yet a youth, because his parents had opposed his marriage to a pretty girl whose sole dowry had been her fair face and innocent life. She died, a worn-out, hard-working old maid, before Jedediah's return, and no one remembered to have heard the rich man ask after her or mention her name. The general revulsion of feeling brought a large attendance to the church where the funeral services were held. Numbered among the congregation were two who had not intended to be present. These were Charles Ashton and Stella Wheeler. Charles "clerked it" in one of the village stores, and Stella was the daughter of the County Judge. When it developed that they had a regard for each other more than that of friends, the parental Wheeler had forbidden the "counter jumper," as he called Ashton, to frequent his house, and so the young folks had resorted to the not always praiseworthy plan of pre-arranged meetings on the street. Both were of age, and legally the judges of their own conduct. She was a teacher in the village school, and if they chose to employ the noon hour, when both were at liberty, in a walk and talk with each other, instead of eating their luncheons, the stroll was in the face of day and of their friends and harmed no one, even the gossips having little criticism to offer. The trouble was that they had an unreasoning fear of Mr. Wheeler, who was austere and unbending to an exceptional degree.

So, on the day of the funeral, when they were opposite the door of the church, and Stella saw her father come round the corner a block away, they hurried and joined the throng of attendants at the ceremonies. The minister preached a brief but eloquent sermon. He had for his text, "Judge not that ye be not judged," and referring to the romance of the deceased's youth remarked: "Love is the law, and love is life. When two souls feel for each other a mutual affection, it is not for others to step between with cold and formal argument, and blast happiness. Our friend, living here, was born to disappointment, and we did not appreciate him until after our kindness had become of no avail. If I have any lesson to draw from his cheerless years it is this: Do what you think is right, no matter who opposes."

Charles and Stella looked at each other and clasped hands. When they parted after the services their last words were: "To-night at eight."

And at that hour they were made man and wife by the same preacher who had buried Jedediah Jones. The event caused a sensation, for this was the first time in the history of the place that any one had dared to defy Squire Wheeler. What would happen to the minister? What would happen to Charley and his bride?

Well, the unexpected happened, as it often does. The executors of the will of Jedediah Jones promptly published the secret codicil. It read:

"And I do further declare that I bequeath the residue of my property to the first man and woman of this town who, after my decease, and actuated by honest love for each other, shall become husband and wife despite the advice, hindrance or opposition of their kindred. I am led to make this provision by recollection of my own unhappy and lonely existence. From the aforesaid residue is to be deducted a fee of \$500 for the clergyman or magistrate who shall perform the ceremony." FRED C. DAYTON.

SHELTER ISLAND AND THE HAMPTONS.

IN the early days of New England, when the once persecuted Puritans turned persecutors and drove out the Quakers, a little band of the disciples of George Fox fled to an island in Gardiner's Bay, at the extreme east end of Long Island. This islet, originally the residence of the Manahanset Indians, was sold by the Earl of Stirling to Nathaniel Sylvester, who thus became the lord of the manor. He, although himself of another faith, welcomed the fleeing Quakers, and took them in. From this episode the place received the name of Shelter Island, which it bears to this day. It is a lovely spot.

It has been well said that "the bounding arms of Long Island hold it lovingly as a rare jewel, clasped by a golden setting." No phase of picturesque beauty is lacking to make the islet remarkable. The shores abound in coves, promontories and beaches; there are wooded heights and grassy valleys; dense thickets, sunny open fields and breezy uplands. It proved a veritable haven of refuge to the harried Quakers, who found a resting-place where they might worship God in peace. John Greenleaf Whittier has immortalized the event in the lines beginning:

So from his last home to the darkening main,
Bodeful of storm, strong Macy hid his way;
And when the green shore blended with the gray
His poor wife moaned: "Let us turn back again."
"Nay, woman weak of faith, kneel down," said he,
"And say thy prayers; the Lord himself will steer,
And led by Him nor man nor devil fear."
So the gray Southwicks, from the rainy sea
Saw, far and faint, the loom of land, and gave,
With feeble voices, thanks for friendly ground
Whereon to rest their weary feet, and found
A peaceful deathbed and a quiet grave,
Where, ocean walled, and wiser than his age,
The Lord of Shelter scorned the bigot's rage.

The growth of Shelter Island as a place of summer resort is as recent as it is remarkable. In 1872 there was a camp-meeting instituted under Methodist auspices; but this soon died a natural death, and the property, now known as Shelter Island Heights, passed into other hands. The whole island is more like a diversified park than anything else—hotels, cottages, tents, bowling and bathing pavilions are set in the midst of beautifully kept roads, lawns and flower-beds. Ocean views may be had from almost any elevated part of the island, and the waters round about are a favorite rendezvous for yachtsmen from New York to Mount Desert.

Of equal historic antiquity with Shelter Island are what is known as the "Hamptons"—Southampton, Easthampton and Bridgehampton—three charming settlements on the south side, within hearing of the booming of the surf, on the grandest stretch of beach between the Bay of Fundy and the Carolinas. Easthampton is one of the oldest settlements on the whole Atlantic coast. It was visited by white men, under Hendrick Hudson, eleven years before the Mayflower pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It is seven miles from the railroad, and this isolation has helped to preserve its quaint loveliness and rural freshness. The great village street, eight rods in width, bordered by venerable and giant elms, is at once the glory of Easthampton and the wonder of visitors. Some of the houses which line this street are modern, without and within; but many are veritable "Queen Anne" homes, built in the fashion of a hundred and fifty years ago. In one of these lived John Howard Payne, and in another resided the Rev. Lyman Beecher, who was pastor here for a while. The Rev. Dr. Talmage spends his summers at Easthampton.

There are many genuine old Dutch windmills in and around the Hamptons, and on this account the locality is much frequented by artists. In fact, for antiquities and aboriginal relics the east end of Long Island offers a rich field, particularly in and around this particular region, known collectively as the Hamptons. In 1640 Southampton was settled, and there are still standing three or four houses which date back to 1680. By means of signboards placed at the intersection of all the old lanes and streets the identity of these has been preserved, and on one of these we read that "Job's Lane was opened in 1663." There's a respectable and hoary antiquity!

Bridgehampton lies about midway between Southampton and Easthampton; but, while full of a certain quaint interest, has fewer salient points than either of its sister villages.—(See page 9.)

THE EARTHQUAKES IN TURKEY.

THE recent earthquakes in Turkey have been productive of grave disasters. The centre of action appears to have been in the Sea of Marmora. The first shock was felt on Tuesday, July 10, at twenty-five minutes after noon. It resulted in the destruction of the minarets of several mosques, of a portion of the walls near the Gate of Adrianople, and of the vaulted galleries of the Grand Bazaar. These, in falling, crushed numbers of people to death. It is computed that as many as a thousand lives were lost. Nearly all the monuments constructed of stone are cracked. The buildings of the Sublime Porte, where the greater number of the Ministers are assembled, are so shaken that the employees have transferred their desks to the courtyards in the open air. Almost the entire population, in fear of new shocks, decided to camp out in the cemeteries and public places. Some of these impromptu camps present a most picturesque appearance, such as the one repro-

duced on page 5, from a photograph taken in the European quarter of Pera. The islands in the Sea of Marmora suffered greatly. Kalki is almost in ruins. The School of Theology situated on it is completely wrecked. (See illustration.) Other buildings that are much damaged are three beautiful monasteries, some magnificent villas, and a naval school belonging to the Turkish Government.

SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY

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A GLANCE at the following list of new novels, which will be published consecutively in the Semi-Monthly Library of ONCE A WEEK, will suffice to inform readers of the remarkable advantages to be gained by becoming subscribers to the Library. Every book on this list is a first-class novel, the names of the authors being in most cases a sufficient guarantee for the quality of work to be expected. Under ordinary conditions, it would be impossible to secure any of these books, on the first day of their appearance, for less than one dollar. By subscribing to ONCE A WEEK Library, the novels are secured and received immediately upon publication for the nominal cost of about six cents each. When the high price of the copyright of any one of these novels is taken into consideration, it will be seen that the rates at which they are offered to subscribers are phenomenally low.

THE GAME OF LIFE,

BY DARLEY DALE.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

A RISING STAR,

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

UNDER SEALED ORDERS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

PEOPLE OF THE MIST,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

TWO NEW NOVELS,

BY WALTER BESANT.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN,

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE HOUSE IN THE HEROLD STRASSE,

BY E. JUNKER.

THE WAY OF THE TRANS- GRESSOR,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MISS GOOD FOR NOTHING,

BY W. HEIMBURG.

THE LITTLE MARCHIONESS,

BY PATROCINIO DE BIEDMA.

GLORIA VICTIS,

BY OSSIP SCHUBIN.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES,

BY JEAN DE LA BRETTE.

FREEDOM UNDER THE SNOW,

BY MAURICE JOKAL.

ABOUT WOMEN.

MME. PATTI is winning new laurels by her interpretation of Wagner before London audiences. At a recent concert the artist sang Elizabeth's Prayer, from the third act of Tannhäuser, and the audience was so charmed with the famous *prima donna's* rendering of the song that the applause was kept up until she consented to repeat it. This is only the second time that Mme. Patti sang a piece by Wagner.

MME. CALVE has arranged to make a tour of European cities during the autumn and winter. She will visit Norway and Sweden in October, Paris in November, Madrid in January; in February she will sing at Monte Carlo, and in March and April at the Imperial Opera Houses of St. Petersburg and Moscow. She will return to London in May, being re-engaged for the opera season at Covent Garden next year.

MIDLE DELNA is one of the newest operatic stars just now scoring triumphs in the capitals of Europe. Her voice, which is a mezzo-soprano, is described as being of lovely rich quality and of exceptionally extensive range. The *diva* is besides a superb actress, exquisitely graceful and spirited. She is only twenty years of age; she made her debut two years ago, at the Opéra Comique, Paris, in Berlioz's *Les Troyens*. She is now singing at Covent Garden, London, in *L'Attaque du Moulin*, a new opera by M. Alfred Bruneau, which has been already well received in Paris and Brussels.

MME. BOGELOT, who represented her countrywomen at the Woman's Congress at Chicago, has just been distinguished by the French Government, which has awarded her the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Mme. Bogelot has devoted her life to the redemption of female criminals, and is directress of the *Œuvre des Libérées de St. Lazare*. Her husband, M. Bogelot, is a member of the Bar, and being deeply interested in his wife's labors, affords her both aid and advice. The honor which has been bestowed on Mme. Bogelot is one seldom vouchsafed to woman. The new *chevalière* takes it modestly, however. She lives a very quiet life in Paris, and is known to almost no one outside the circle of those who are her co-workers.

THE Queen of Greece, apropos of "life's ironies," buys her gowns in Paris. Morin, one of the great dress-makers over there, lately sent a consignment of very beautiful ones to her Majesty. One was a dinner-gown of orchid mauve peau de soie finely embroidered with jet. Another was a symphony in pearl-gray China crepe, trimmed with Alençon lace and white satin; a third splendid robe was of nacré white satin with front and sides superbly worked in Louis Quinze design, with minute lamelles of mother-of-pearl, fine crystal and pearl beads, fine silver thread and tiny glittering paillettes. The Louis Quinze corsage, cut well off the shoulders and short on the hips, had puffed sleeves of satin and a stomacher glittering with the iridescent embroidery. Thus it is, while the women of Belgravia and Fifth Avenue strive after Greek effects, the modern belles of Athens, headed by the first lady in the land, are only too proud and happy to borrow French ones.

A WRITER in a recent number of the London *Lady's Pictorial* makes the following interesting comments on the death of Mme. Boulanger:

"Another of life's ironies is the death of the mother of General Boulanger almost simultaneously with the assassination of President Carnot. Mme. Boulanger died on Tuesday, July 3, at the great age of ninety-three, after living for years in an apartment in Paris, in ignorance of the fate of her unfortunate and ambitious son. There is something very pathetic in the idea of the aged woman, dimly wondering in her mercifully clouded mind why no news of her son reached her, for she was told that he had gone on a foreign expedition and would return covered with glory. Of his real fate she was happily kept in ignorance till the last. Mme. Boulanger was of Welsh birth, her maiden name having been Griffiths. Mme. Boulanger's pride in her son was boundless, and her devoted niece, Miss Griffiths, did all she could to gratify her aged aunt's amiable weakness, keeping a store of old newspapers at hand, from which to read 'just published' articles in praise of Boulanger, or even inventing imaginary leaders, from which it appeared he was the hero and darling of France. The aged are not difficult to deceive, and probably it was an easy task to blind the loving mother, who often boasted proudly how nobly her son had kept his vow of never costing her a tear; but the untiring devotion with which Miss Griffiths tended her aunt, and the harmless deception by which she brightened the waning days are worthy of unqualified admiration."

THE MOUSE KING OF ANIMALS.

ONE day Philadelphia, wishing to test the affection popularly supposed to exist between a lion and a mouse, put a mouse in the cage of a full-grown Nubian lion. The lion saw the mouse before he was fairly through the bars, and was after him instantly. Away went the little fellow, scurrying across the floor and squeaking in fright. When he had gone about ten feet the lion sprang, lighting a little in front of him. The mouse turned, and the lion sprang again. This was repeated several times, the mouse traversing a shorter distance after each spring of the lion. It was demonstrated that a lion is too quick for a mouse, at least in a large

cage. Finally the mouse stood still, squealing and trembling. The lion stood over, studying him with interest. Presently he shot out his big paw and brought it down directly on the mouse, but so gently that the mouse was not injured in the least, though held fast between the claws. Then the lion played with him in the most extraordinary way, now lifting his paw and letting the mouse run a few inches, and then stopping him again as before. Suddenly the mouse changed his tactics, and instead of running when the lion lifted his paw, sprang into the air straight at the lion's head. The lion, terrified, gave a leap back, striking the bars with all his weight, and shaking the whole floor. Then he opened his great jaws and roared and roared again, while the little mouse, still squealing, made his escape. Of the two the lion was the more frightened. It is a fact well known in all menageries that a mouse will frighten an elephant more than will a locomotive. Let one appear in an elephant's stall, and the elephant, his mountain of flesh quivering, his trunk lashing the air, will trumpet in abject terror; and he will not recover for hours afterward. The trainers say that what the elephant fears is that the mouse will run up his trunk. There is a tradition that a mouse really did this in one instant while an elephant was sleeping, and caused the elephant such intense pain that he had to be killed.—*McClure's Magazine*.

CYCLING ON THE CHANNEL.

MR. GEORGE PINKERT, the water cyclist, is the last candidate for sensational notice. He has a curious tricycle with which he can roll through the calm sea much as the New York bicyclist rolls over upper Fifth Avenue's asphalted pavements. The tricycle is described as "a weird machine of his own invention," and to give ONCE A WEEK readers some idea of what it is like, a picture of it is published herewith. Look at it well, and say if it was not a bold idea of Pinkert to attempt to roll it over the stormy Channel separating France from "perfidious Albion." Everybody who has been there knows what a nasty, choppy, ugly sea that Channel can be when it makes up its mind to be so. At its best it is disagreeable.

Well, Pinkert attempted to roll over it the last days of the last month, and got enough of it. He started from Cape Grisenz, near Calais, intending to roll over



MR. PINKERT ON HIS WATER TRICYCLE.

to Folkestone, in England, and I believe he would have done it only for his stomach, which gave out. Seasickness overcame him, and he was obliged to abandon the attempt. This is how a spectator describes Pinkert's perilous feat:

"We are gratified to learn, as we go to press, that Mr. George Pinkert, the water cyclist, who started to cross the Channel on a weird machine of his own invention, has not gone to the bottom after all. But Mr. Pinkert had a trying experience, and after setting boldly forth from Cape Grisenz, ended his jaunt—not at Folkestone, as he had hoped—but at Boulogne. When met by a fishing smack in mid-channel Mr. Pinkert presented a woe-begone appearance indeed. He was very seasick to begin with, and too ill to make any fight against a rising wind. It is said he proposes to try again—a good advertisement for his pluck, perhaps, but none for his judgment. We hope he will think better of it."

DESTRUCTIVE FOREST FIRES.

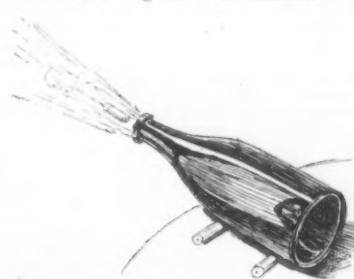
THE late forest fires, particularly in the State of Wisconsin, have been remarkably destructive of late. The village of Phillips, containing two thousand inhabitants, mostly engaged in the lumber trade, was almost totally destroyed. Indeed only a few houses were left standing. On July 27 the pine forest was aflame, the fire leaping from tree to tree with such rapidity that it was impossible to stay its approach to the village of Phillips. In less than an hour from the time the first house was caught in the embrace of the flames the entire village was a smoking ruin. The very air seemed afire, so terrible was the heat. The people fled to the railway, where trains were standing, and they were hastily conveyed to neighboring towns. Many other places in Wisconsin were greatly damaged also, among them being Ashland, Fifield, Shores Crossing, Mason and Powells Mills. In Washington State the destruction was also very great, especially in the Slocum district, near Kalso, where fires have been raging around the towns for several days. A roaring gale swept down the mountain, lifting high in the air tops and limbs of burning trees and carrying them long distances as brands to start new fires in a thousand different places. Almost instantaneously a dozen fires were raging in Three Forks. The terror-stricken people had to flee for their lives, leaving everything behind them. At Bear Lake Mr. Mahoney, who ran a hotel, with his wife and two small children, waded

out into the water of the lake and remained there for hours.—(See page 4.)

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

TO IMITATE THE FIRING OF CANNON.

AN excellent imitation of the firing of cannon, including the sharp detonation, the rapid whizzing of the ball, and even the phenomenon of the subsequent backward movement of a piece of artillery, may be produced by the simple experiment here illustrated. Take an ordinary thick glass bottle and let it be one-third full of water. Dissolve in the water a small quantity of bicarbonate of soda, such as is sold in little packages to make seltzer water. Place the contents of a similar package containing tartaric acid in a playing-card rolled up in the shape of a cylinder, and having one end stuffed with blotting-paper. Suspend this improvised cartridge from the cork of the bottle by means of a pin to which a string has been attached. The open



end of the tube should be uppermost. Tightly cork the bottle after having so regulated the string that the bottom of the tube does not touch the liquid.

The piece being loaded, it now only remains to set it off. It suffices for this to place the bottle horizontally on two pencils laid parallel to one another on the table, and which represent the gun-carriage. The water in the bottle penetrates into the tube, dissolves the tartaric acid, and generates an amount of carbonic acid gas, which drives out the cork with a violent explosion, while with a reactionary movement the bottle rolls back on the two pencils, imitating more or less the rumbling of a retreating piece of artillery.

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STUEBENVILLE, O., Aug. 5.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

Enclosed find ONCE A WEEK Horoscope filled out, which please insert in your valuable paper at your earliest convenience. I have subscribed for your paper for three years, and consider it, with its premiums, the best paper for the money I ever received. Accept best wishes for your continued success from,

ANNIE DE SELVEY.

Hard-up Gent—"Say, boss, can't you give a feller a few cents to help him along?"

Mr. Delawney—"Why don't you do something faw yaw own living? You had bettah ask for bawins instead of money."

Hard-up Gent—"Well, boss, I asked yer for what I thought yer had most of."

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

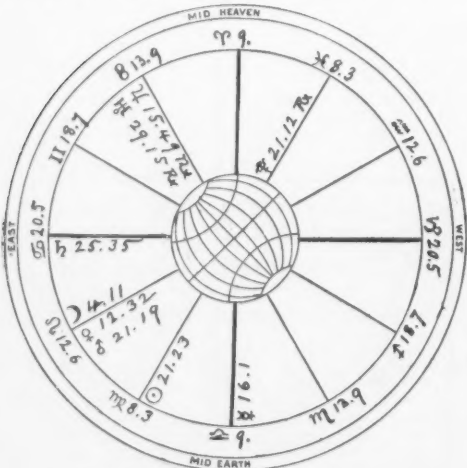


THE GAME OF "GRAB."



OUR ASTROLOGER

M. S., Milwaukee.—You were born with the Moon rising in the zodiacal sign, Libra, and should grow to be a man of medium height, well formed, with brown hair, sanguine complexion, probably dark eyes. You would have a fair disposition, but would be inclined to quarrel; fond of dress, but careful about money. You are likely to become wealthy before the latter part of your life—though you will not begin to make your fortune until you are past thirty. You will be generally steady and industrious, persevering, and will probably become interested in science, and in odd and out-of-the-way matters. You are liable to accidents in traveling, and you will have a good many bothers in regard to your letters—lose or mislay them, or not receive replies to them. You are likely to be over-suspicious, and rather morbid. You should avoid gaming, or speculation, as the signs are all against your meeting with success if you try them. You have a very good mental equipment: you would do well in dealing with any public commodities, like grain or pork, or beef, and in those things might be successful in speculation. It is not likely you will marry, and if you did it would be a failure. You have good aspects for health and a long life. You will have intestinal troubles, and annoyance with your feet. There are bad aspects afflicting you now, and they will trouble you for the next few years; after that you will have easy times.



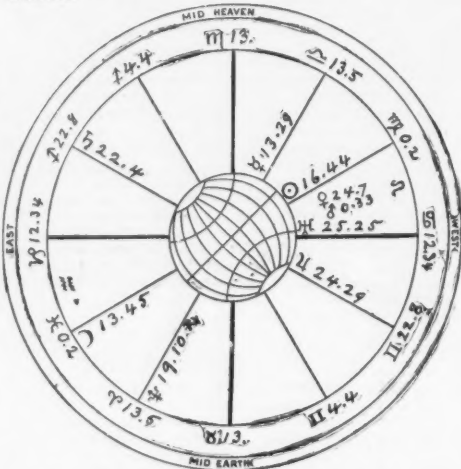
G. B. H., Monroe, La.—You were born with the sign Cancer on the ascendant, and Saturn rising. You are of medium height, probably stout, with dark hair; somewhat set in your opinions, especially about religion; apt to be reserved and suspicious. You are courageous, and would make a good soldier; and are very determined, and desirous to accumulate wealth. In this you will succeed to a certain extent, without ever becoming rich. You will have a great many good friends, who will assist you—and many others who will ask your aid. You will do well to avoid short, thick-set persons, with dark complexion, hair and eyes, the latter deep set; of a boasting nature. You should be strong, physically, and would generally have good health, and a long life. You are indicated to marry, not very young, a woman rather tall, well formed, with round face, full eyes, clear complexion, light hair, and an excellent wife if you get her. You are likely to be somewhat inclined to extravagance. You have fortunate aspects for obtaining some official position, and would be aided in your career by influential men. You have excellent mental qualities, and should be clever at chemistry, or anything requiring a dexterous hand, as well as knowledge and skill. You will probably make many short journeys—and they will be successful. And you will be quick at figures, and make a good business man. You had evil periods at seven, ten, fourteen, nineteen, twenty-one and twenty-nine-thirty years of age. From 1887 to 1890 were not good years for you. Your fortunate periods were at nine, twelve, eighteen, twenty-four and twenty-seven years of age. There is nothing unfavorable threatening you now for some years.

G. L. F., Hamilton, Ont.—You were born with the sign Gemini rising, and are ruled by the planet Mercury. You are of medium height, with brown or dark hair, dark complexion, active walk, quick sight. You have the Sun, Jupiter and Mercury in the Mid-Heaven, and are assured great success and probably high honor in your vocation, with the certainty of preferment. You will, however, be subject to sudden and unexpected financial losses. You would do well in trade, or in official life; and you will gain the esteem of prominent and influential persons, and would be likely to fill some literary or scientific position, as you have an excellent mental outfit. You are not interested in religion, and you are inclined to dispute—and with some temper. You would be likely to inherit property. You are quick-witted, brave and generous, but inclined to be reckless, and to lavish expenditure. As to your health, you will have trouble with your lungs, and your bladder and kidneys, and with weakness in the back. You will feel this in the latter part of 1894, and in 1895. This year should be good for your fortune, however. You are indicated to marry a woman of middle stature, rather stout, light or sandy hair, clear com-

plexion. You had evil aspects at ten, fourteen and nineteen years of age; nothing is in sight of a threatening nature, except that you will need to take care of your health for the next few years.

F. E. McE.—This young lady was born with Aries rising, and the Sun, Neptune and Mercury on the descendant. She is ruled by Mars, and should have a rather large, full figure, with sanguine complexion, light brown hair; in disposition restless and ambitious; imaginative, courteous, original, and magnetic. She should have fine intellectual qualities, quick understanding and fertile wit. She reads people with sharp intuition, should have much spirituality, and is very versatile. She would, not unlikely, have the poetic faculty and become a writer; she ought also to have artistic talent of some sort. She is surely accomplished. She is indicated to have trouble in love affairs, would be jealous and exacting; but she will probably marry a man of medium stature, rather dark, slight built, light brown curling hair, ingenious, witty, clever, impulsive, and highly impressionable. Such a marriage would prove fortunate. This lady has good aspects for success in life, but would hardly accumulate much money. Her best years will be those before forty. She has a strong constitution, but will be liable to feverish complaints, and is subject to accidents; probably she has a scar, or birthmark, on her head or face. She had evil periods at five-six, eleven-fourteen, nineteen-twenty years of age. Probably her health was afflicted in 1890-91, and something important will happen to her at the close of 1896.

H. C. M., Mass.—You were born with the zodiacal sign Scorpio ascending, and are under the dominion of the planet Mars. You would be short, with dark complexion, hair and eyes. In disposition reserved, ambitious, intrepid and determined; prudent but violent when your temper is roused. You have the promise of success in life, and the aid, when desired, of influential friends. You would be fortunate in a Government, or any public position—with the possibility of sudden downfall, as you have Saturn in the Mid-Heaven in evil aspect to Herschel. You will probably have some trouble next year in regard to your position and career. You have, however, such powerful aspects in your favor that you must ultimately succeed, both in honors and wealth. You are likely to gain by legacies, though not without annoyance and difficulty; the latter part of your life will be comfortable and happy. You are somewhat stubborn, and will have disagreements with those nearest to you. Traveling by rail is not fortunate for you; nor is gaming, nor speculation. You are courageous and generous, and these qualities will make you popular. As to marriage, it would hardly be early in life; but you are likely to marry a rather short woman, stout, clear complexion, light brown hair, and blue eyes; a very desirable person for a wife in appearance and disposition. Your health should be very good, and you are long lived. You may have head and stomach troubles.



A. G. R., Pittsburgh.—You were born with Capricorn rising and Aquarius intercepted in the descendant. You should be rather large, sanguine complexion, fine looking. You are ruled by the planet Saturn. Your disposition is rather reserved, but obliging, and you are not easily offended. You had a hard time in infancy, and at six, eight-nine, eleven, fifteen-sixteen, eighteen and twenty-one years of age; sickness, misfortune, or some trouble. And you have not been quite fortunate lately, and will not be until after 1897; from that time you have nothing evil in sight, and meanwhile you have had some very good aspects in 1889 and '90. Your prospects for success in life are excellent. You are well endowed mentally, are ambitious, and would make a good business man. You are very likely to inherit property. Still, you will have financial troubles, and you should never give up one position till you are sure of another. As to your health, you are liable to colds and influenza, and stomach troubles. You are witty, fond of society, of study and curiosities, and of traveling. You should run no risks on the water. You would be very unfortunate if you married; there would be dissension, and probably separation. You have the evil planets Mars and Herschel in the "House of Marriage."

S. C., Ypsilanti.—You were born with the zodiacal sign Capricorn rising, and are governed by the planet Saturn. You should be of medium height, pale complexion, dark hair, oval face, prominent nose and forehead; in disposition, proud, careful and argumentative. You have good business abilities, with a keen eye for

detail, but are inclined to be headstrong and wayward. You would be fairly successful at times, but would be frequently subject to money losses and misfortunes. There are some signs that you would meet with success in connection with the theological profession. You would have versatile tastes, and would read and study a good many different subjects, and you are patient and persevering—while you are interested. You are not fortunate in regard to the opposite sex. If you married, the union would not prove successful; and, as to children, you either would have none, or they would be a trouble to you. In the latter part of your life you are likely to be fortunate, and to have a competence. You are not unlikely to have literary talent. You are liable to feverish complaints, and to accidents to your limbs, and you would not be fortunate on the water, or in long journeys. You are not unlikely to gain by legacies. You had very evil aspects soon after birth, and were hard to rear, and a series of them until you were twelve; also at fourteen to sixteen, at 21, 23, and 28; and 1894 to 1897 will conclude the list for some years. You had good years mingled with these, especially 1890 and 1891.



A. L. St.—This lady was born with the Sun rising in Taurus, with Mars and Herschel in the ascendant, and the Moon, Neptune, Venus and Mercury just above the horizon. She would be of middle stature, stout, with light brown hair and gray eyes; fond of pleasure, affable and good-natured, generous, and witty; fond of music and art, talented, inclined to be extravagant in dress and otherwise. She is very proud, determined and persevering; and somewhat impetuous. Probably she has a birthmark or mole on her head or face. Her aspects for fortune and success are excellent, but she will have many enemies who will seek to harm her, and who are likely to cause her trouble. The position of Neptune in the Twelfth House, in evil aspect to the Sun, is sure foreboding of misfortune. If this lady married—which is not certain—her husband would be rather tall, with big bones, sanguine complexion; in disposition ambitious, generous and rash. She had evil periods at 14, 18-19, 21, 25 years of age, and in 1888; good periods at 10, 16, 20, 23, 26, and in 1887, 1893 and '94. She has had some worries during the past few years, but no serious troubles; and there is nothing evil in sight.



J. T. C., New Jersey.—You were born with the sign Taurus rising, and are governed by Venus. You would be rather short and stout, full face, dark complexion, dark hair, broad, strong shoulders. You would meet with evil neighbors, and there is no doubt that at some time your enemies will get you in trouble. You are unfortunate in short journeys, whether for business or pleasure; and traveling by water is dangerous for you; long journeys would be more successful. You are doubtless very firm in your religious professions. You would not marry early, if at all; but if you should, your wife will be tall and slender, with dark hair and eyes, a good talker, and a careful person; but marriage is not fortunate for you. Your aspects for health are not perfect; they show a tendency to bladder and liver troubles, and severe colds, which you will have specially felt during the past two years, and will continue to suffer from, if you are not careful of yourself. You should have had good fortune in business during 1894, and it will continue into 1895. As to employment, you would probably be most successful in agriculture, in house building, or in some business connected with metals.

HOT SPRINGS.



SO EAGER, so absolutely resistless is the mad rush for place and position, for riches and honor, in these fast-closing century days, that the great army of seekers after health and rest, recruited from the ranks of every trade and every profession,

"Mistress and maid
And the fast hurrying crowd of men,"

turns with longing eyes to a comparatively new summer and winter resort standing at the very threshold of the Black Hills.

History began amid these hills scarce a decade ago, though for hundreds of years the aborigines hunted over them, fought for their possession, and worked them for the gold and silver ores found in the depths of the earth. The first awakening came when General Sheridan commissioned General Custer "to organize an expedition at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory, for the purpose of reconnoitering a route from that post to Bare Butte, in the Black Hills, and exploring the country south, southeast and southwest of that point." The result of that expedition was far-reaching in its nature, though the intrepid warrior who so enthusiastically conducted it found a grave not far from the hills which he brought to civilization's rim.

Previous to the advent of Custer, General Harney had skirted these pine-clad hills and had given his name to one of their highest peaks, now world-famous as the site of the Harney Peak Tin Mining Company. General Warren, the following year, took up the thread of investigation where it had been allowed to rest by General Harney, and succeeded in pushing as far north as Inyan Kara, where he was compelled to stop because of the hostile demonstrations of a band of Sioux buffalo hunters. Shortly afterward the Civil War broke out, and interest in the Black Hills country ceased until General Custer told the world of the limitless wealth concealed beneath the surface of those many-colored hills, and then its history began.

Following the cession of this wonderful territory to the General Government in 1877 came the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad; a part of the great Burlington Railroad system, which is pre-eminently the leading railroad in the West, and famous the world over for its immense magnitude—reaching, as it does, nearly everywhere into eleven States; the luxurious equipment of its superb Palace and Sleeping Cars, and for the sumptuous fare which it spreads before the hungry traveler in its beautiful and unrivaled Dining Coaches, while rushing onward through this enchanted land and paradise for those in search of health.

Following the advent of the Chicago & Burlington Railroad the hillsides, valleys and plains became dotted with the humble homes of the sturdy pioneer and the nucleus of future great cities sprang up; but it is still a land where civilization has not yet marred the beauty of Nature—a country where the traveler will find much that is novel, much that is out of the usual, much that will charm and much that will ever remain to him a sweet remembrance of a pleasant clime. Especially



RED CANON, HOT SPRINGS, S. D.

is this so of the Black Hills region, where one can still enjoy the solitude of Nature free from the intrusion of the crowd; and, if he so wills, can in imagination lose himself in the mist of romance, which wells up from every fissure in the rocks, from the streams which sinuously wind in and out among the mighty peaks towering toward the sky on every side.

Nestling in a beautiful valley embosomed within the Hills is Hot Springs, now become one of the most famous summer and winter resorts in the United States. Sheltered from the storms that touch the crowns of the hills, protected by grand old canyons and enriched by cooling breezes, it lies picturesquely situated upon Fall River, with an altitude of 3,500 feet above the level of the ocean, in an atmosphere clear, pure and dry, absolutely free from malaria and the miasmatic vapors which now and then spread over less elevated places. The air, freighted with the scent of the great pine and spruce forests that are the crowning beauty of the Hills—giving them a kaleidoscopic charm that is possessed by no other portion of the Northwest—appeals strangely to the men and women who, in this work-a-day world, need just such a tonic as found at Hot Springs. When the dog star rules the world, when all is hot and muggy, and life seems a pall, thousands of favored mortals in need of the medicinal qualities of the Springs, or sweet, pleasant rest, turn their steps toward this new resort in the Black Hills, and meet there the delight of living.

The valley, or, more properly speaking, the gulch in which Hot Springs is situated, while not broad is sufficiently wide for a line of streets, although the main thoroughfare of the city follows the windings of Fall River, and is hemmed in by high bordering ridges of triassic sandstone. These ridges are easily scaled, and upon them pretty cottages and clubhouses have been erected.

From these high grounds of vantage the prospect is most enchanting, calling up Robert Buchanan's poetic thought:

"To breathe the glory of the taintless air
With pleasurable pantings of the blood,
To wander o'er sweetly smelling fields;
To lie upon the heathery slopes and dream—
To dream, to plan, to picture."

The canvas which God has stretched for miles and miles amid these hills is beautiful beyond all power of words to tell. Up and down the sides of these great hills, He has painted as only the Supreme Artist knows how. Here and there the tips of the trees look as if they had been touched with blue-black inks, so deep is their coloring. In the middle distance the forests seem transfigured, while in the more sequestered nooks there is a fantastic display of color, as if some careless painter had upset his paint-box, allowing the contents to drip and drip and drip, changing the cliffs and mountains to rainbow tints.

It would be well if many of those who yearly follow the trail of fashion across the ocean to Europe and "Do it" would for once turn their faces Westward and become acquainted with the wondrous beauties of their native land.

GENERAL VIEW OF HOT SPRINGS, S. D.



NOVELTIES IN DRESS.

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS, July 28.

As far as Parisians are concerned Paris is empty. The Grand Prix and a round of brilliant garden parties closed the fashionable season. A few mondaines may be occasionally seen dining at the le Puteaux or driving in the Bois de Boulogne, but *tout le monde* is at Trouville or Dinard, where the season waxes fast and furious, while the Boulevards here are thronged with American and English visitors. Nevertheless, the *couturières* are busy, for be-

a double box-plait down the middle of the front. A trimming edging the box-plait, the hem, and then running up each side of the plaits in the back, is of fine bronze kid cut in a foliage design, each leaf outlined in gold thread. The bodice falls blouse fashion over the broad sash, which is fastened on each side with a choux. This sash is of palest blue silk, a very Parisian and new combination of color. Two bands of the bronze kid passementerie encircle the figure confining the loose blouse, one just below the bust and one about the shoulders, giving a yoke effect. The throatlet of pale blue silk is fastened with two choux, one on either

is very modish trimmed with dead white ribbon and pearl buttons.

At a leading *couturière's* yesterday two striking fall models were taken from the workroom to show me. One was a unique combination of gobelin blue cloth and dull green velvet. The skirt was on a foundation, fitting plainly in front, but gathered in six large round plaits in the back, giving a bouffante effect. On one side of the skirt was a large bow of green velvet ribbon with long ends, and on the other was a panel of the velvet heavily embroidered in gold and black. The bodice was of cloth, with a short embroidered bolero jacket of the velvet. The straps of the jacket were drawn across the arms below the shoulder seams, ending in the armholes in the back, and the fullness at the top of the sleeves was pulled up through the straps on to the shoulders.

The other gown was of brown cloth and heavily corded heliotrope silk. The overskirt was very full and drawn up slightly on one side with a big rosette of the heliotrope silk and a brown fur head. There was a band of brown fur around the bottom of the underskirt. On the bodice, two sashes of the silk started from the waist-line at the back about three inches apart; these sashes, crossing the middle of the back and then passing over the shoulders, crossing again, surplice fashion, over the bust, were carried about the waist to where they began in the back and fastened there with brown fur heads, the long heliotrope ends hanging down on the skirt. The sleeves were of the brown, very full, and caught up twice with heliotrope rosettes. The waist was finished with a band of fur.

Among the dainty accessories to the toilette, the choker, or collar, in its various styles, is still popular. These are made of every color and material, but the white illusion ones are the best style at present. They may fasten with a bow on each side, a single one in the middle of the back, or two tiny ones on each side of the chin. The newest ones, however, have a stiff ribbon bow in the back, the ends cut swallow-tail fashion and standing out on either side.

A woman with clever fingers can make these pretty, becoming trifles for herself. They prove a wonderful addition to a simple toilette. ETHELYN FRIEND.

DESCRIPTION OF CUTS.

THREE smart gowns suitable for walking or traveling are shown in the accompanying group. The first is of gray covert coating made with a plain, perfectly

the skirt. The second is a cool and pretty gown of drab fancy drill. The bodice is arranged in zouave form in front and has full short basques at the back. The revers and deep sailor collar are of white satin bordered with *point de Venise*. The effect is very stylish.

The third gown is of dark blue serge, the *chic* little coat bodice which terminates at the waist being made with large revers falling over the under ones of the serge. The skirt is quite plain. Usefulness is the most striking note of this neat costume. The boating dress shown is one of Redfern's, and a charming one it is. White linen is the material used. The plain skirt is trimmed at the bottom with blue in a sort of festoon shape buttoned with two buttons. The bodice is a blouse overhanging a belt of blue ribbon, and trimmed with a square collar of blue linen either side of a vest of blue striped with white braid; beneath this collar is a bow of blue ribbon eminently nautical.

The stylish afternoon toilette is of striped cream crepon with a green moiré sash, and rosettes and collar-band of green velvet. The lace epaulettes and long pendants give an air of great distinction to this costume. The cream silk parasol is trimmed with lace and green ribbon bows. The hat is black straw, ornamented with cream roses, green velvet bows and black feathers.

The last gown is a Paris model, made of dark blue voile. The bodice boasts a short jacket, turned up right the way round, and at the neck is one of the popular pointed lace collars, tied with a black satin bow. The waist-belt is also of black satin. This style of frock should look well in dark blue canvas made over green silk.

Trimmed hats are remarkably cheap just now, the season for buying them being almost over. A few of the most approved shapes are shown on this page. The first one, which is boat-shaped, is of black straw with a high crown. The brim, turning slightly up at both sides, is of brown straw. The trimming consists of black moiré ribbon, black roses and shaded brown and tan quills. The second is a picturesque hat of white Leghorn with a black velvet bandeau and pink roses under the brim. White lace wings edged with narrow black velvet rest on the hat and form a background for a lovely spray of pink roses and buds. The third hat is of tan straw with sequined lace about the edge. A cluster of poppies and a green velvet bow form the trimming. The strings are of green velvet.

The last hat is a turban of the shape known as "Toreador." The twisted ban-



fore one season ends in Paris the designs for the next are created, and models prepared ready to launch upon the fashionable world. For the last two years the prevailing styles in dress have changed but little. The draped skirts, which were shown as models during the summer, met with but little favor, and have now been dropped altogether. The fall promises to bring a radical change in styles, and the gored skirt, which under many names has held sway for so many seasons, will be entirely done away with. During the past week I have seen some gowns designed for fall wear. The skirts are all made over a foundation and contain a great deal of cloth. Some are plaited on the sides and back, and in others the stuff is laid in a box-plait in front, and is plaited again very full in the back. This skirt does not flare at all, but hangs flat and straight. At present there is less change in the bodice. According to the past, a tight sleeve has generally accompanied this style of skirt, and as fashions usually revolve in a circle, some of the *couturières* do not hesitate to prophesy such a return later on; but the fall models show no indications of it at present. The sleeves are even larger than heretofore, and in many cases they are draped. A fall model by David is of mixed, softly woven wool in pure black, white and gray. The skirt has three deep plaits on either side, and is gathered into an immense fullness in the back. The wide hem is headed by a band of cream guipure laid over buttercup silk. The bodice has one deep box-plait in the middle of the front and a similar one in the back. The neck is cut in a square *décolletage* and filled in with cream guipure over buttercup yellow. The neck-band and sash are of cornflower-blue moiré ribbon fastened by a slender bow with swallow-tail ends. The sleeves are immense, and quite unique. They are draped in long soft folds with a part of the fullness carried in tiny plaits across the bust and caught under the box plait on the front of the bodice.

A fall model for a carriage gown is very striking. It is of poil de chevre, or goat-hair—a silky stuff, similar to the old-fashioned mohair, but thinner and softer. The skirt fits smoothly over the hips, but hangs in deep folds in the back, and has

side of the chin, and the big elbow sleeves are caught up with similar choux.

Some lighter gowns are being made at present for August and September wear at the mountains. Redfern shows in his Paris house some extremely smart ones of butcher linen. This material comes in almost all shades, both striped and plain—beautiful browns and greens, and the popular bonhomme blue. One that I saw there was of dull green butcher linen lined throughout with buff silk. The jacket was double-breasted, and hung straight in the front, fitting snugly in at the back. The wide revers and cuffs were of buff piqué. On the jacket were two rows of ivory buttons as deep in tone as the buff piqué, and circled by a tiny gold rim. Save for three of these buttons on each side, the skirt was untripped.

A gown made to be worn by a tall English girl on a coaching trip through the South of France was of blue butcher linen, with a hair line of white, the whole suit being lined with deep cardinal red silk. The jacket of this, rolled open in front, was moderately short, and fitted to the figure. The revers and flaring cuffs were of heavy white corded silk edged with a band of the cardinal; and a tiny rim of the red also showed about the bottom of the skirt. There were red and white mosaic buttons on the sleeves and waist-line of the jacket. There was a loose blouse of cardinal silk to be worn with this extremely fetching suit, and an extra one of white lawn heavily embroidered with red in a Persian design.

Buttons will be a prominent feature of the fall gowns. They are very handsome and very expensive. They come in Dresden china, Florentine mosaic, all shades of pearl and ivory. Some of the ivory ones are carved and outlined in gold, or covered with a fine gold filigree. I have seen some soft wool gowns for the fall fastened down the front with tiny ornamental buttons. Hooks and eyes have been used so long as the exclusive means of closing a gown that the return of buttons is regarded as a welcome change. White is largely used for seaside and mountain evening frocks, and the present fashion of combining dead white and yellow white is novel and striking. A dead white silk may be combined with yellow white lace, or a cream wool gown



hanging skirt and an open-fronted coat ornamented with large pearl buttons. The basques of the coat are prettily rounded. Two rows of stitching finish the small revers, the cuffs and the hem of

deau under the brim, and the bow at the back resting on the hair, are of scarlet velvet. So also is the trimming round the crown. A cluster of red feather pom-poms is set to one side near the front.

AYER'S
Hair Vigor
Prevents
BALDNESS
REMOVES DANDRUFF
AND
Restores Color
TO
Faded and Gray
HAIR
—THE
Best Dressing




THEATRICAL ON-DITS.

"SANS GENE," Victorien Sardou's play of the Napoleonic era, is now being produced in the original French at the Gaiety Theatre, London. That magnificent artist, Rejane, plays the title role. The piece has created quite a furore in the English capital, and Mr. Henry Irving is having an English version prepared to give Ellen Terry the opportunity of scoring another brilliant success. "Sans Gene," in English, will be produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, in October, Augustus Pitou being the manager and Katherine Kidder the star.

A great play shortly to be produced in this country is "The Masqueraders," by Henry Arthur Jones. It will receive its first New York performance at the Empire Theatre. Charles Frohman has secured the American rights. It is the latest thing done by George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre, London, and is quite the rage. Henry Miller will be cast for the part played by Mr. Alexander, and Viola Allen will follow Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the heroine. The great situation is in the third act, dealing with the hero and villain, who have an exciting gambling scene, the wife of the villain being the stake. Although this is melodramatic, yet it is so beautifully polished that it is sure to attract society in New York at least.

A clever young star, who within the last year has won considerable recognition in London, is Miss Olga Nethersole. This lady has made also a very successful tour through the Australasian colonies. She has been engaged by Augustin Daly to appear in New York in Clement Scott's version of "Denise." Later she will be seen as Juliet in Shakespeare's beautiful love play.

Ellaline Terriss and Seymour Hicks, who were the principals in the pantomime at Abbey's Theatre—The Cinderella and the Wicked Sister respectively—open at the Gaiety, London, on August 6 as Winifred Wood and Jonathan Wild in "Little Jack Sheppard." Miss Terriss appears on Christmas Eve in "King Arthur," which Mr. Irving will produce at the London Lyceum Theatre.

In Italy the subject of Christ is attracting the attention of several dramatists again. Calvi was the first to begin the series with a beautiful play called "Mary of Magdala." This even the Vatican allowed. Bovio's "Christ" came afterward,

being produced at the purim Festival. Goveau's "Christ" is the latest. It was written thirty years ago, and might never have seen the footlights but for the success of Bovio's piece. In Bovio's play Christ does not appear on the stage—only his voice is heard; and in Calvi's "Mary of Magdala" Christ is neither seen nor heard. In Goveau's play Christ is both seen and heard; he performs miracles and discusses religious subjects with the high priests. The Apostles, too, have parts.

Italy's youngest dramatic star is Tina di Lorenzo. She is now making a great sensation in Genoa. She is not yet ripe enough for America, but it is said that when she does come to this country she will make quite as big a success as Duse. A very great actress in Italy is Marina. She has just retired, and is entirely without means. But the Italian Government has come to the rescue, and has created a professorship of elocution for her at the Musical Academy of Saint Cecilia.

Mary Anderson-Navarro says that her love for domesticity has completely got the better of her affection for the footlights, and she prefers peace and obscurity to hard work, excitement and fame. She scarcely ever enters a theatre now.

Lillian Russell is dated to appear at the Lyceum Theatre, London, under Abbey's management, on September 8th, in a new opera entitled "A Queen of Brilliants." But at the last moment it is doubtful if the piece can be got ready in time. The libretto is by Brandon Thomas, whose comedy, "Charley's Aunt," is still running to crowded houses in the English metropolis. The music was composed by Edmund Jakobowski, the writer of "Erminie." A suit is still pending by Canary & Lederer, of the New York Casino, to prevent Miss Russell appearing under any other management. One of her pleas of defense is that she only made \$27,000 in twenty-seven weeks.

OUR CHESS CORNER.

HERR LASKER, the champion chess-player of the world, was accorded a great ovation in Berlin upon his return, especially at the Kaiserhof, where he used to be a daily visitor previous to his achievements in London and this country. He has given a simultaneous exhibition for the benefit of a children's soup kitchen since his arrival, but has done nothing else.

The prospectus for the ninth international chess congress of the German Chess Association, to be held at Leipzig next fall, is just out. The congress will be rather more important than usual, special efforts having been made by the Association management. A Master tourney, with eighteen hundred marks in prizes, will be held from the 1st to the 15th of September. There will be also a minor tourney, with prizes aggregating five hundred marks. Lasker will be present, but only as a spectator. Most of the leading masters of the world are expected to take part. Besides the German and the Austrian contingent, it is probable that the list of entries will include Tschigorin, Alapin and Schiffers, of Russia; and Blackburne, Gunsberg and Mason, of England. The American and French masters have not been heard from yet.

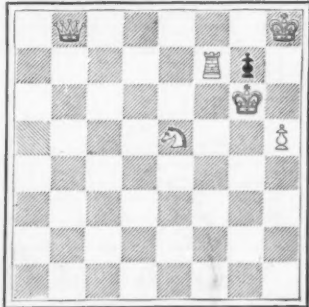
SOLUTION TO CHESS PROBLEM NO. 4.

P to Q-B sixth R to Q-B square.
P to Q-B seventh R to Q square.
P takes R and becomes Kt (ch), and Black resigns.

A DECIDEDLY NEAT ENDING.

The following instructive and interesting ending is taken from the *Newcastle Weekly Courier*. It is not said whether it occurred in actual play or is the result of one individual's constructive ingenuity—

Black—3.



White—4.

White draws in the above position with three ingenious moves.

WHITE. 1 R to K B eighth (ch) 2 Kt to K B seventh (ch) 3 Kt to K R sixth (ch) and White is stalemated.

BLACK. Q takes R. K to Kt. P takes Kt.

* If instead of taking the Knight he plays 3K to R, White repeats the check with Kt to B seventh. White's clever scheme to draw in this position would afford many chess-players as much satisfaction as a win.

GAME NO. 3—"GINOCO PLANO."

The following game was played between Messrs. Hunter and Cleland:

WHITE. (Hunter.)	BLACK. (Cleland.)	WHITE. (Hunter.)	BLACK. (Cleland.)
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	13 R-K 3	P-K 5
2 K-Kt-B 3	Q-Kt-B 3	14 Kt-R 5	R x P
3 B-B 4	B-B 4	15 R x R	P x R
4 P-B 3	Kt-B 3	16 Kt x B	Q x Kt
5 P-Q 3	P-Q 4 (a)	17 Kt-Q 2	R-K 1
6 B x P (b)	Kt x B	18 Kt-B 3	R-K 7
7 P x Kt	Q x P	19 Q-B 1	R x Kt P
8 O-O (c) (les)	O-O (c) (les)	20 R-K 1	P-R 3
9 R-K 1 (c)	B-Kt 5	21 R-K 5 (ch)	K-R 2
10 B-K 3	Q-R-Q 1 (d)	22 Kt-Q 4	Kt x Kt
11 B x B	Q x B	23 P x Kt	P-Q 7
12 PxK R 3 (e)	B-B 4	24 Resigns.	

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

(a) This should lose a P thus: 6 P x P. Kt x P: 7 P-Q Kt 4, B-Kt 3: 8 P-Kt 5, Kt-R 4 or Kt 2: 9 Kt x K P. If now Q-K 2, 10 O-O, with a P to the good and a perfectly safe game.

(b) Injudicious to give up the powerful K B. White now gets an inferior game.

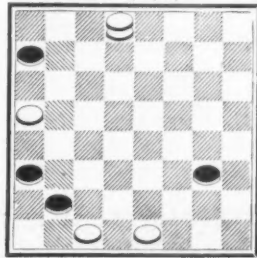
(c) White's Q P is a weak point, which now becomes the focus of attack. Probably Kt-K 1 or Kt x P, followed by P-Q 4, would have given him more freedom of action.

(d) Wisely developing instead of exchanging, leaving White to do the latter.

(e) This is ineffective; Q-K 2 seems better. It is not judicious to leave the Q on the same file as the opposing R.

PROBLEM No 4.—By Mr. L. S. HEAD.

Black—5, 21, 24, 25.



White—13, 30, 31, King 2. White to move and win.



BY A "BLUE APRON."

TOMATOES AND MUSHROOMS.—

Butter six tomatoes. Skin, stalk and rinse six mushrooms in a little water; dust the insides with pepper and lay a dice-shaped piece of butter on each. Place them on a square bright tin, screen the whole with thinly cut and trimmed slices of rolled bacon; when the bacon is cooked the tomatoes and mushrooms will be quite done; take them up carefully and lay them on buttered toast. Just before serving squeeze the juice of a lemon over all and lay a wreath of small curly cress or parsley round the dish. Sprinkle a handful of fried parsley over the tomatoes.

RICE A LA COBURG.—Take one-quarter pound of rice, one gill of water, one pint of milk, two ounces of sugar. Wash the

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rice, put into a saucepan with cold water, and let boil for two minutes. Then add the milk, and stir over a slow fire until the rice has absorbed all the milk and is quite tender. Sweeten and turn on to a wetted dish; spread the rice evenly, about half an inch thick, and let cool; cut it into rounds about two inches in diameter, and place on each round a square piece of preserved ginger; set the rounds of rice floating on custard in a crystal dish. To make the custard, use one ounce of corn flour, one pint of milk, one ounce of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of ground ginger; mix these all gradually, and stir over a fire until they have boiled five minutes; draw the saucepan to the side of the fire, and stir in one well-beaten egg. When thick, pour into a dish and set the rounds of rice on top. The scraps of rice puree may be mixed with a little ginger and piled in the centre of the dish and decorated with pink sugar.

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